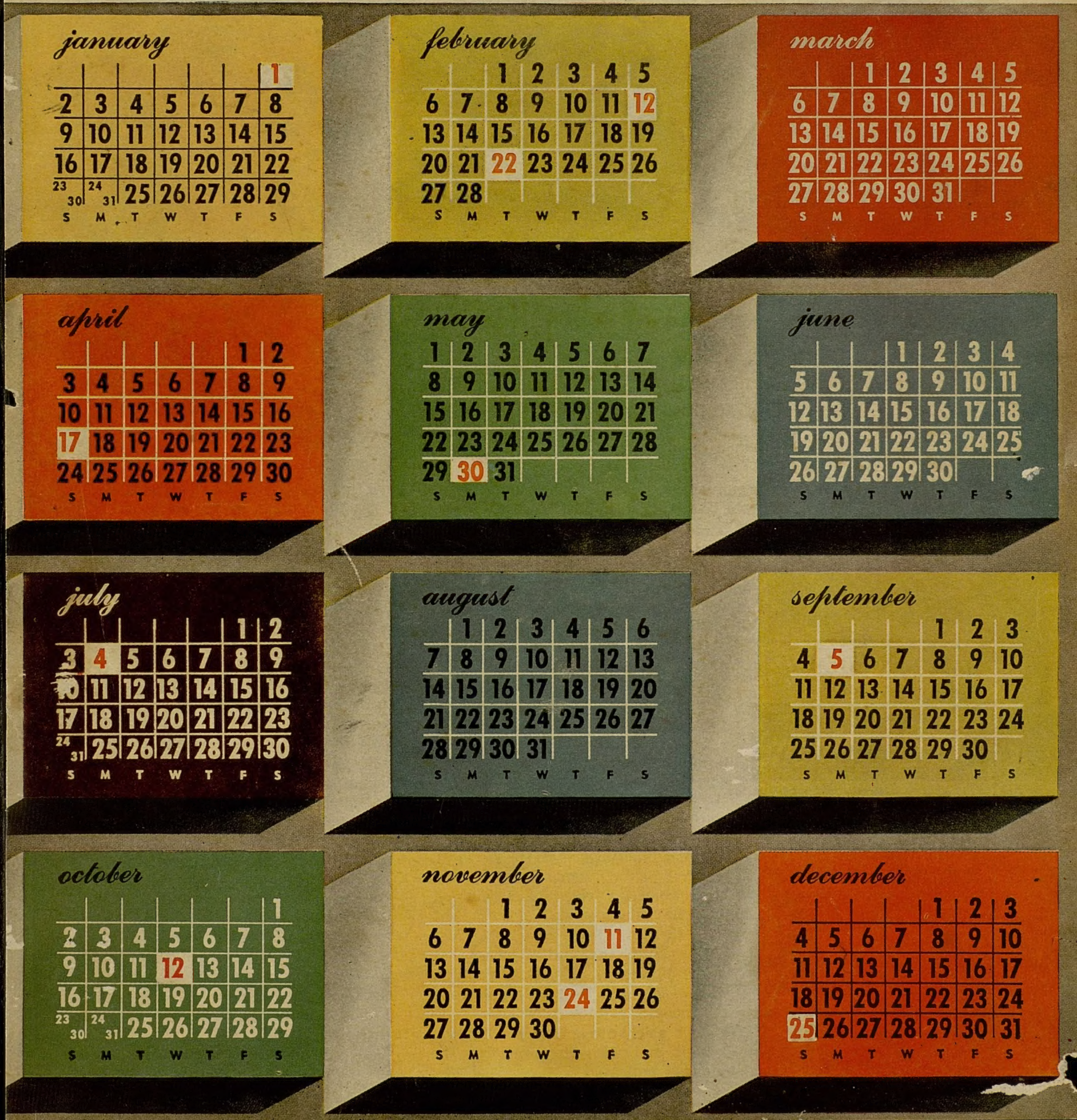
Liberty

10¢

JANUARY 1949



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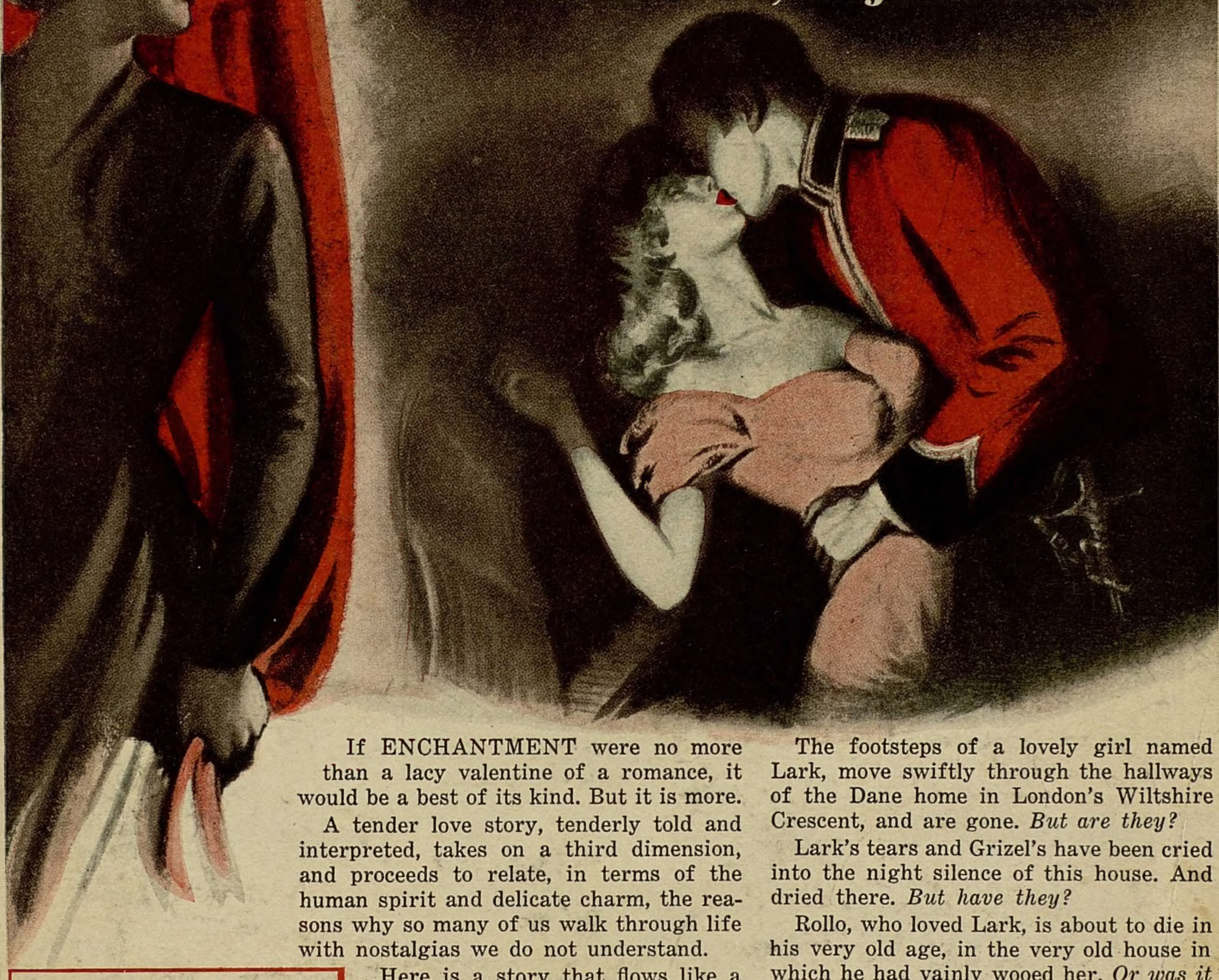
"SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S

Enchantment

is for those who know how to listen with the heart," ***says Fannie Hurst***



If ENCHANTMENT were no more than a lacy valentine of a romance, it would be a best of its kind. But it is more.

A tender love story, tenderly told and interpreted, takes on a third dimension, and proceeds to relate, in terms of the human spirit and delicate charm, the reasons why so many of us walk through life with nostalgias we do not understand.

Here is a story that flows like a river through the experience of the beholder. Rising in the past, it moves through the present, and like a river goes on into the unseen beyond . . . .

For ninety-nine years, the Dane family has lived its mortal lives, and died its mortal deaths in a solemn-owl of a highly respectable London house. Generations of Dane footsteps have run its stairs, fitted keys into its locks, moved through its hallways, pattered along its nursery floors. Men, women, wives, lovers, soldiers, maidens, babies, have died there. *But have they . . . ?*

Here into the story comes that third dimension, the time pattern, which raises it memorably beyond the moonlit pale of romance.

Life, says Enchantment, does not begin nor does it end with the precision the wall-calendar indicates.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS

"Enchantment"

JUST ABOUT THE MOST WONDERFUL LOVE STORY EVER FILMED!

STARRING
DAVID NIVEN
TERESA WRIGHT
EVELYN KEYES
FARLEY GRANGER

Screen Play by John Patrick
From the Novel by Rumer Godden
Directed by IRVING REIS
Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

The footsteps of a lovely girl named Lark, move swiftly through the hallways of the Dane home in London's Wiltshire Crescent, and are gone. *But are they?*

Lark's tears and Grizel's have been cried into the night silence of this house. And dried there. *But have they?*

Rollo, who loved Lark, is about to die in his very old age, in the very old house in which he had vainly wooed her. *Or was it vainly?*

Enchantment, which has three faces, one looking back, one directly at you, and one into the future, says:

No! Says it tenderly and convincingly.

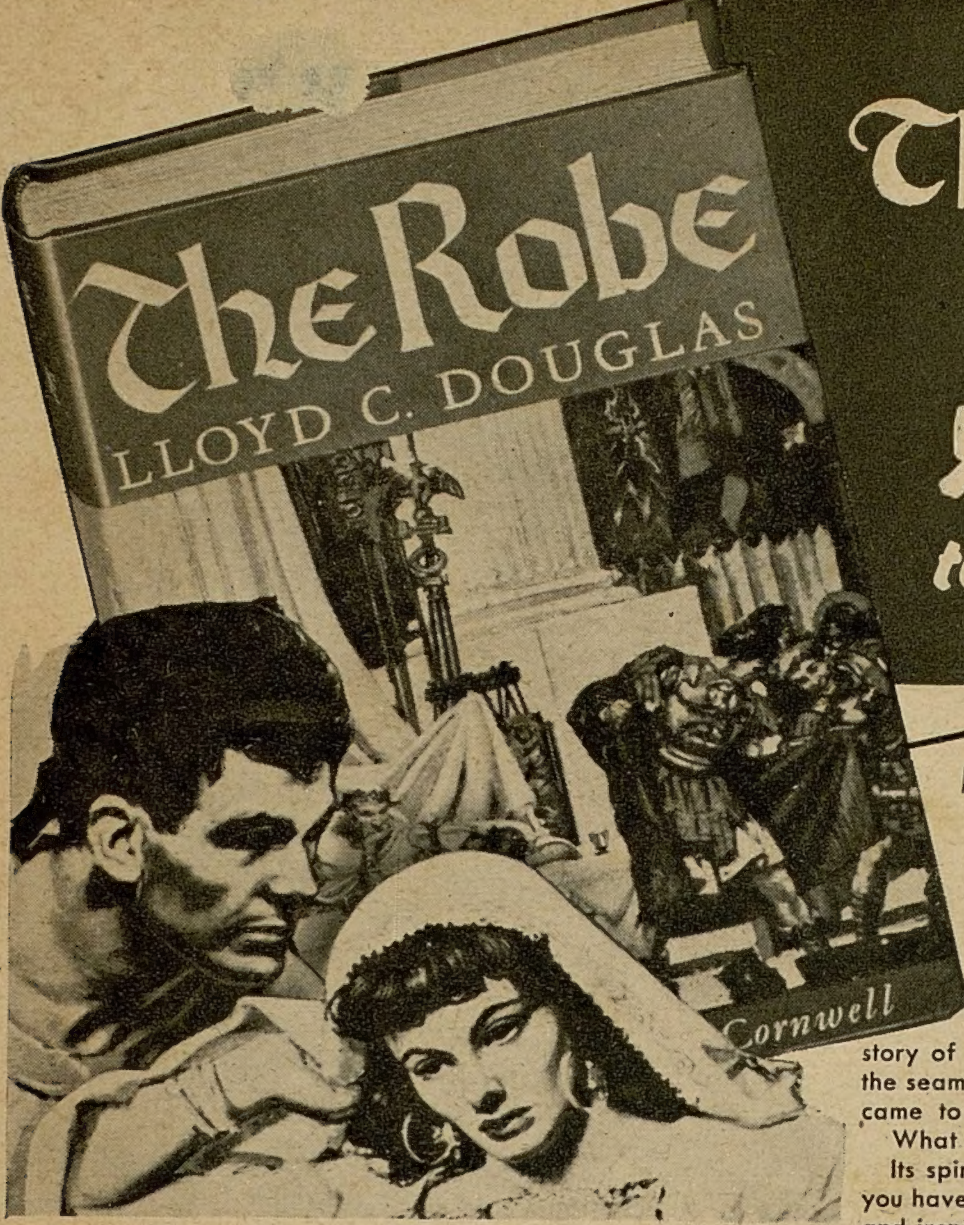
Life perpetuating itself is the theme of Enchantment which attempts to answer that immemorial question which brings vague nostalgias to the human heart: "It seems to me I have been here before. But when? Strange, but I seem to have been in this same situation before. *But when...*"

As Enchantment opens, the old house in Wiltshire Crescent speaks its mind; speaks it in sepulchural tones through its doors and windows, its woodwork and its soul: *"Listen with your heart,"* it says, *"I am more than stone and wood."*

Enchantment is for those who know how to listen with the heart.

Fannie Hurst

An irresistible introductory offer to new members of Sears Peoples Book Club



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Liberty

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

JANUARY CONTENTS

Franklin S. Forsberg, *Publisher;* David Brown, *Editor;* Lee Pasquin, *Managing Editor;* Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art Director;* Stacy V. Jones, *Washington;* Elizabeth Wilson, *Pacific Coast Editor;* John B. Danby, *Associate Editor;* Elsie Christie, *Books;* Beulah Karney, *Food;* Otto Kurth, *Art Associate;* Lawrence Lariar, *Cartoons;* Gertrude Wilkinson, *Home Editor;* Nanette Kutner, *Contributing Editor*

Articles

Liberty's First Editorial 6
Impossible—But Joe Does It! *Steven Casey Williams* 7
Model Super Market .... *Frances Ancker and Cynthia Hope* 12
Telephones for Motorists ..... *John J. Cummings* 17
Low Man on a Poll .... *David Brown* 18
What Do You Know About '48? ...... *Ted Shane* 20
On the Trail of the Snail .... *Alfred Eris* 21
Big Guy .... *Elizabeth Wilson* 34
Secrets of the Grave .... *Mort Weisinger* 62

Stories

The Way of My Brother .... *George Dorsey* 8
The Sound of Trumpets .... *Alice Means Reeve* 10
Bert and Grandma Moses—Short Short *F. Hugh Herbert* 14
Frame-Up—Conclusion .... *Samuel W. Taylor* 22

Home

Linens, 36; Bedding, 40; Food, 42; Decorating, 44

Pastime

How to Buy a Gun .... *Lucian Cary* 25

Features

Vox Pop 5
Shananagram 29
Records .... *Roy Rogers* 30
I Could Have Answered That! ..... *Lew Valentine* 30
Liberty Picks the Pictures ...... *Elizabeth Wilson* 31
Shopping 45
Crossword Puzzle 52
Washington .... *Stacy V. Jones* 54
Short Cuts .... *Nanette Kutner* 57

Cover

Calendar for 1949

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

■ 1949 marks the twenty-fifth year of publication of Liberty. Strictly speaking, Liberty is not quite 25 years old. The first issue was dated May 10, 1924. That issue—Volume 1, Number 1—sold for five cents and contained 64 pages, including covers. J. M. Patterson was listed as president and secretary—the same Captain Patterson who was the founder of the highly successful New York Daily News. Listed as first vice-president and treasurer was R. R. McCormick, the same Colonel McCormick who is the owner and leading light of the Chicago Tribune.

The magazine's name was chosen by means of a $25,000 contest. The first prize of $20,000 went to an unemployed commercial artist named George A. Elwell of Youngstown, Ohio, whose prize-winning suggestion was Liberty. A total of 1,395,322 letters were received in the contest.

Other contestants included Queen Marie of Roumania, Rear Admiral William S. Sims, Chief Buffalo of the Cherokees, Evangelist Billy Sunday, and Harry Pratt Judson, then president of the University of Chicago. Names most often suggested were Universal, Trib-News, and Tower.

Articles in the first issue of Liberty included Why I Never Married, by Elsie Janis; Can You Afford Golf? by Paul L. Kinkead; and Less Than Twenty-four Hours to Live, by Montague Glass. There was a picture section of four pages, and a writer artlessly named Mae Tinee reviewed the latest movie, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, with Mary Pickford and Estelle Taylor.

Among early contributors were such names as Ring Lardner, Fannie Hurst, Grantland Rice, Elmer Davis, Burns Mantle, H. I. Phillips, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dorothy Parker, H. G. Wells, Floyd Gibbons, George Bernard Shaw, Mahatma Gandhi, and innumerable others, famous and obscure.

From time to time during this twenty-fifth anniversary year we shall reprint some of the literary high lights of a quarter of a century of publishing. On page six of this issue you will find reprinted the editorial which appeared in the first issue of Liberty.

■ In the February Liberty a former prisoner of the Russians writes a sensational, revealing article, I WAS A SOVIET SLAVE GIRL. . . . On the brighter side Ted Shane profiles Bing's brother Bob in THE OTHER CROSBY. . . . Elizabeth Wilson gives you a close-up of Ida Lupino. . . . On the fiction front, George Armin Shaftel starts an exciting two-parter entitled BLOOD ON THE SNOW. . . . Crawford Sullivan offers THE EVICTION OF BENEDICT CODD. . . . And there's a thrilling new adventure yarn by H. Vernor Dixon entitled POINT OF NO RETURN. . . . These are but a few of the offerings in the February Liberty, and of course there are the usual features, Liberty Home and Pastime. All this in the only dime magazine of its kind on the newsstands. Get your February Liberty, on sale about January 14.—*D. B.*

Published by Liberty Magazine, Inc. President, Franklin S. Forsberg; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; Advertising Director, J. William Thomas; Circulation Director, A. J. Cutler.

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Liberty
VOX POP
The Voice of the People

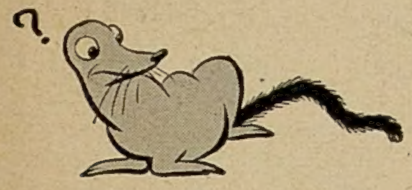
Fine Work

Beaconsfield, Iowa – Thank you for publishing that wonderful article Touch and Learn (October).

I read it avidly and have sent for the book. As soon as possible I shall start this grand work. As a public-school teacher I have always gotten fine results with the slow learners. But the formalism of a public school has always been a big handicap and so I have been planning to get a place where the learner could be under controlled conditions all the time. This article was the final piece in the jigsaw puzzle on which I have been working.—*Florence Gunn.*

Finny Ain't Funny?

Detroit, Mich.—In the September issue of Liberty the Cockeyed Crossword Puzzle gave the definition of a sea lion as a finny cat. These things are tough enough as is, without putting fins on a sea lion—they are flippers.—*Leo A. Fuhrman.*



Hy, Whoa!

Franklin, Ky.—I just love Liberty. I did not even protest when you made it a monthly instead of sending it to us oftener, for I was and still am convinced that you know what is best for your readers.

However, it pains me to see a word used in your Pastime section (November) that, I believe, is not a word. You say that "Handball Is Tricky," and go on to speak of it as being a game of (and here's the word) "terrificly fast starts and stops," etc. Mr. Hy Turkin is the author of this article, and will you please ask him for me if I am correct in thinking him *incorrect.*—*Mrs. L. S. Chauvin.*

We Do, Too

Rock Island, Ill.—I like your serious, informative articles, the book condensations, and the Liberty home planning, food, appliance, and decorating section. I like an article that gives definite information about where one can purchase a certain article that has been pictured and described.—*Mrs. A. K. Smith.*

Sex Sense

Bowling Green, Ky.—Fathers by Proxy (November) is splendid, but why the secrecy about the real father? People in other lands have always had so much more sense about sex than Americans.—*Margaret Chandler.*

LOW-PRICED DISH
with priceless Heinz flavor

MACARONI with Vienna Sausage

Recipe—Place contents of a tin of Heinz Cooked Macaroni in baking dish. Top with 3 to 6 whole Vienna sausages. Sprinkle with 2 Tbs. grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 25 min.—until the rich flavors of meat and macaroni are blended through—and the cheese is a golden-brown crust. Serve with green salad, warm apple pie and coffee.

Simple to fix—and *simply delicious*—that's Heinz Cooked Macaroni, one of America's most popular economy dishes! Made to a marvelous new recipe, it's more nourishing—more delicious—than ever. Every forkful is rich with the creamiest, zestiest, cheese-flavored sauce imaginable! Alone—or with leftovers—Heinz Cooked Macaroni is an all-family favorite!

It's EXTRA GOOD *because*

IT'S HEINZ *Cooked* MACARONI

57

HEINZ
COOKED
MACARONI
IN CREAM SAUCE WITH CHEESE
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." — Stephen Decatur

Our Name is Liberty

This editorial appeared in the first issue of Liberty — May 10, 1924. Our editorial purpose remains unchanged after a quarter of a century of publication

We chose Liberty for a name because it is the first word in American consciousness. It was first made to mean something here in America. It achieved independence and it made a nation. It was the word with which the American colonies electrified the world. It had been a dream despaired of elsewhere. Here it was realized.

The soldiers of Rochambeau and the sailors of De Grasse and the soldiers of Burgoyne and Cornwallis went back to Europe to tell that Liberty was a fact in a new land and people everywhere have been freer since that day.

This nation owes its existence to the desire for Liberty and it will maintain itself by that desire. So we chose Liberty for the name of the new magazine, Liberty because it was the first prize Americans sought, Liberty because it is the last thing the true American possesses even if he is stripped of everything else.

Many other names were suggested and many of them were good. We thank the thousands of people who tried to give us a name. The name might have been the United States Weekly, Uncle Sam, the American Mirror, any one of a number of names, but we think Liberty is the best. It is the innate, inherent principle of American life.

The name carried Washington through seven years of war when he seldom knew whence his supplies and replacements could be relied upon to come. It inspired Jefferson to build a nation on the common vote. It gave Lincoln the strength to keep the nation from being divided into two.

The Liberty Bell is more than a cracked tocsin in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It is a bell which must toll all the time in the minds of Americans who count their blessings.

Our horizons are free because we have prized the word. We have recognized the justice of its application to others. There are no people to whom the flag of American liberty has been introduced but are the better off for having seen it raised.

* *

At the top of this column, at the flag staff, is the magazine's motto. It is Stephen Decatur's toast. It will fly there. Even a magazine of entertainment may have a serious purpose. Many fine people object to this motto as something at least unaltruistic, if not unmoral. We do not agree with them.

This is an American magazine. It believes that Decatur voiced a spiritual truth. What he said was not needed so much when he said it as it is needed now. When an American looks at Westminster Abbey he may understand England. When he sees the Colosseum and the Roman Forum he may understand Rome. Other nations have long corridors of time with the impressive statues and tombs, and the sense of the past gives them an ever abiding sense of their nationality.

America is a nation in the making. We believe that Americans should keep in mind Decatur's text of nationality. It asserts what must be a truth if the nation is to be a nation. America has a great heritage. We want it great in the future. We think that will be for our own good and for all human good.

Impossible—but Joe does it!

The amazing story of an ex-G.I. who, paralyzed in all four limbs, moves under his own will power—and has built a million-dollar business

reading time 11 minutes

by Steven Casey Williams

■ Ex-Sergeant Joseph Press, paralyzed from his shoulders to his toes—technically speaking, a quadriplegic—was about to try what the doctors had called impossible. An attendant strapped his inert hands to the grip bars of a set of crutches. The attendant stepped back and Press said:

"Well, here goes."

His shoulders moved under a forced spasm. His body, literally hanging between the crutches, quivered. Suddenly the props shot forward six inches. With an effort that brought perspiration to his forehead, Press swung his torpid legs forward. The legs, held rigid by heavy steel braces, met the crutches.

"Incredible!" a doctor said.

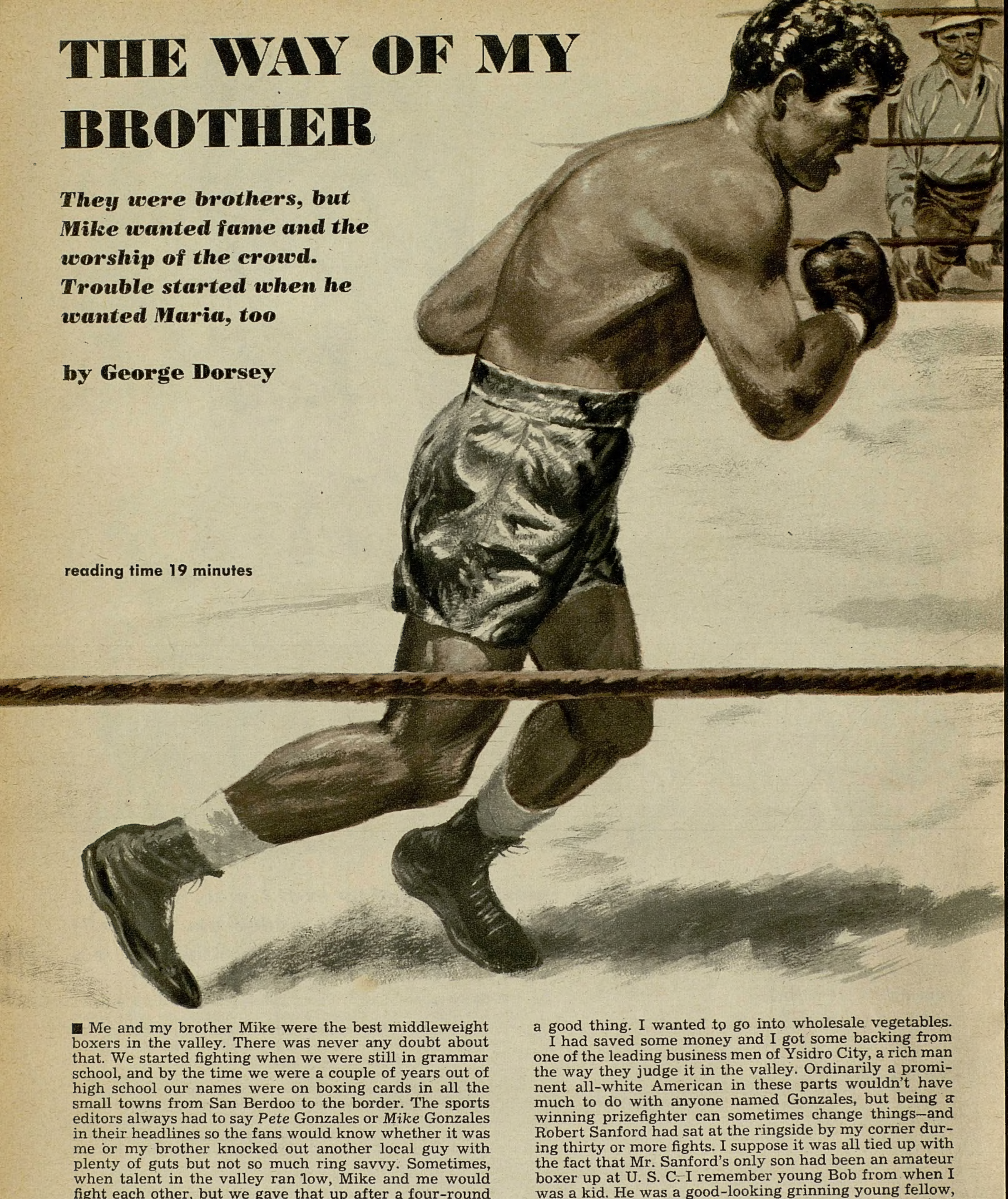
Never before in recorded medical history had a quadriplegic moved under his own power, as Press had just done. The veteran's arms, hands, legs, and interrib muscles were nothing more than lifeless weight, completely without movement or sensation—yet he was making them work for him.

Press forced the crutches forward again. And again he slid his legs up to them. Thus, sweating, panting, battling every inch of the way, he navi- *(Continued on page 45)*

THE WAY OF MY BROTHER

They were brothers, but Mike wanted fame and the worship of the crowd. Trouble started when he wanted Maria, too

by George Dorsey

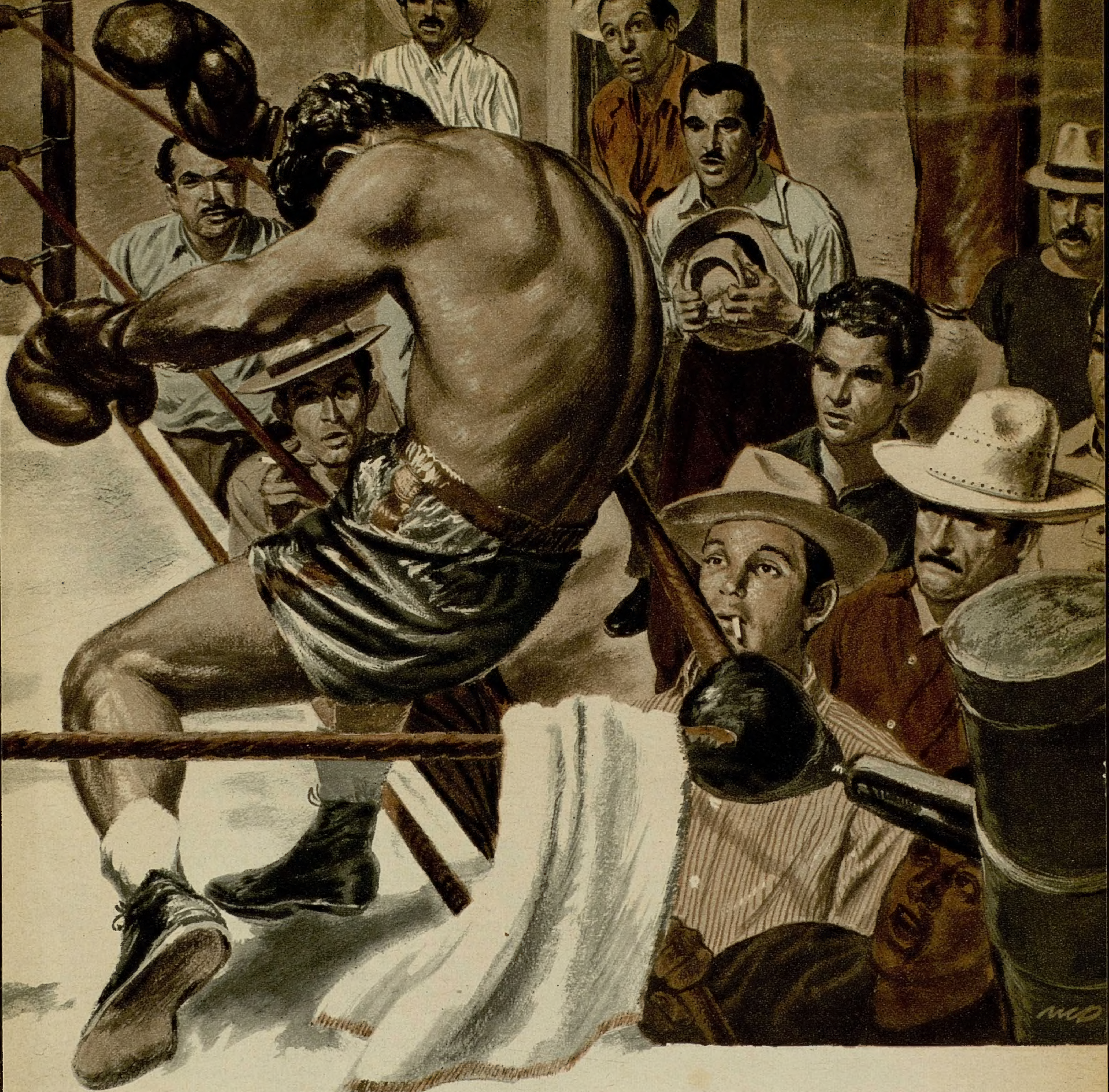


reading time 19 minutes

■ Me and my brother Mike were the best middleweight boxers in the valley. There was never any doubt about that. We started fighting when we were still in grammar school, and by the time we were a couple of years out of high school our names were on boxing cards in all the small towns from San Berdoo to the border. The sports editors always had to say *Pete* Gonzales or *Mike* Gonzales in their headlines so the fans would know whether it was me or my brother knocked out another local guy with plenty of guts but not so much ring savvy. Sometimes, when talent in the valley ran low, Mike and me would fight each other, but we gave that up after a four-round slugging match to a draw, when he was sixteen and I was seventeen. We liked each other in those days—that was before the business about María—and here we were knocking each other's heads off. So then they had to import boys from outside the valley if they wanted us to work up a good sweat.

I gave up the leather-pushing three or four years ago. Boxing was my favorite sport, but you can get enough of a good thing. I wanted to go into wholesale vegetables.

I had saved some money and I got some backing from one of the leading business men of Ysidro City, a rich man the way they judge it in the valley. Ordinarily a prominent all-white American in these parts wouldn't have much to do with anyone named Gonzales, but being a winning prizefighter can sometimes change things—and Robert Sanford had sat at the ringside by my corner during thirty or more fights. I suppose it was all tied up with the fact that Mr. Sanford's only son had been an amateur boxer up at U. S. C. I remember young Bob from when I was a kid. He was a good-looking grinning young fellow, kind of wild, they said. He used to whip around town in a cream-colored Packard roadster, with the latest of a series of pretty girls sitting beside him. One night, when I was about twelve, young Bob's Packard didn't quite make that big curve on Highway 99 between here and Brawley. He must have been hitting almost a hundred, because the roadster rolled over and over and didn't stop until it fell into a shallow ravine two hundred and fifty



yards off the road. The girl of the moment, some kind of a sorority queen at S. C., crawled back to the highway, dragging her broken leg. She stopped some tourists from the East, who took her in to the hospital. There wasn't a thing they could do for young Bob.

It was the night I put Kid Sullivan's pants on the canvas in the third round that Mr. Sanford came around to the dressing room and asked me what I was going to do with my fight career.

"I've seen 'em all, Pete," he said, "and you've got what it takes to go right to the top. That Sullivan is a good boy, but he never had a chance tonight. You're ready to go beyond the valley, and I want to help you."

I said, "Well, that's swell of you, Mr. Sanford, but I'm afraid you've just seen my last fight. I want to settle down into some kind of business and make my home right here in Ysidro. The way I get it from old fighters I've talked to, you can make a lot of money in the Garden and places like that, but there are a lot of people cutting in on it and there are a lot of ways of spending what you have left, if you're living in those cities. And there's always the chance, you stay in it too long, you start walking on your heels and you jump halfway across the room every time the telephone rings. I think I've got a head for business and I figure if I start in now and work hard, in ten years I'll have something besides a flat nose and scrambled ears."

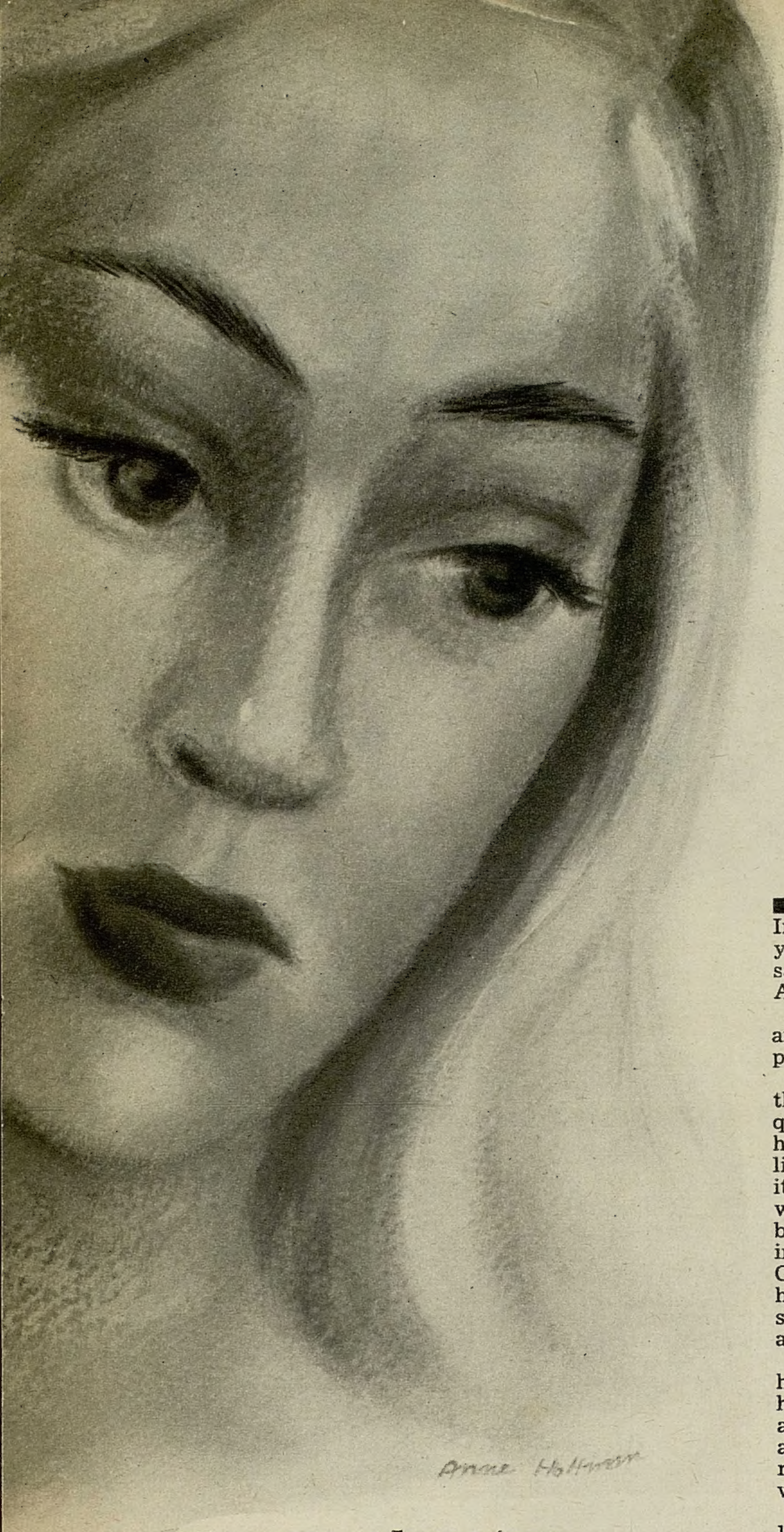
Mr. Sanford took a deep drag on his cigarette and looked straight at me for a long moment.

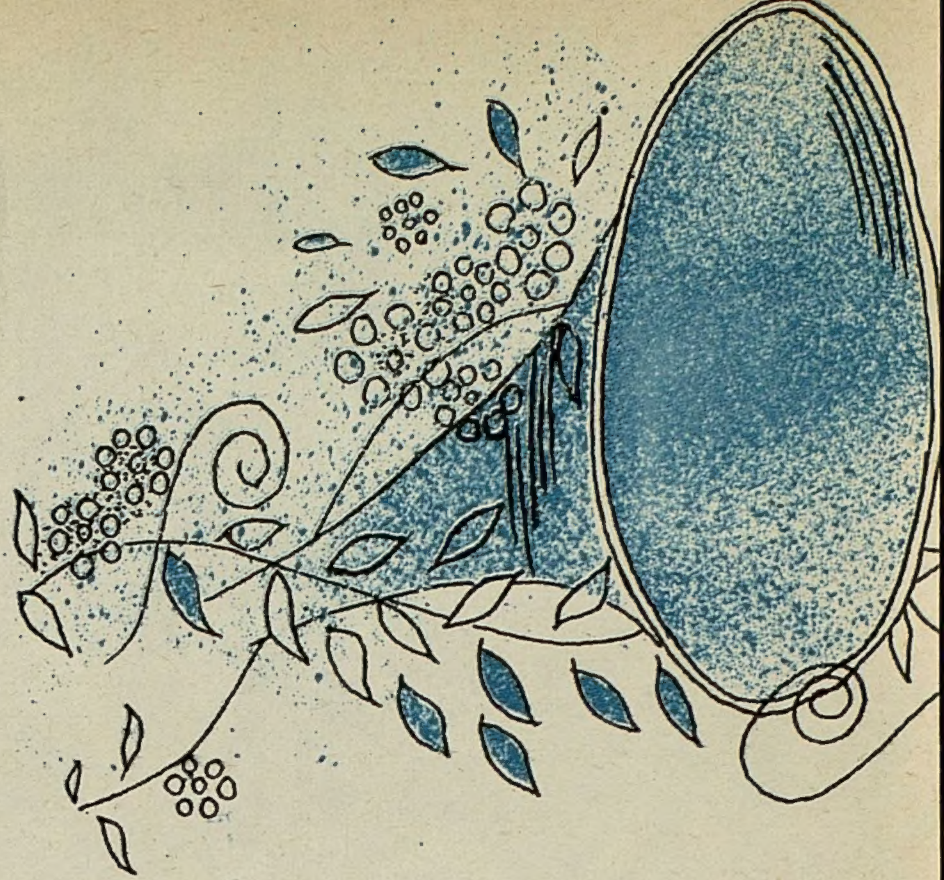
"Well, Pete," he said finally, "I would never urge you to continue if you feel that way. I think you could do almost anything you set your mind on, but you would never get to be a champion unless you *wanted* to with your whole mind and body."

Then Mr. Sanford reached into the inside pocket of his seersucker suit and pulled out a checkbook. His fountain pen wriggled briskly across a check, which he tore out and handed to me. "Here. It always takes much more to start a business than an

(Continued on page 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT





THE SOUND

The strange love story of a spectacularly beautiful girl

reading time 30 minutes

■ A good many people look pretty much what they are. In an elevator, or on a streetcar, you can often say to yourself, "That is a real-estate dealer. That is a bond salesman . . . a shoe clerk . . . a housewife . . . an artist." And a lot of the time you may be fairly close.

But there is a smaller group of people whose interiors and exteriors are so at war with each other that they are paradoxes all their lives.

One of these was Gabriella Lang. She was beautiful in the most seductive and extravagant way, but apparently quite unconscious that there was anything unusual about her appearance. Her hair was as silvery blonde as moonlight on water—so palely blonde it looked unnatural. But it wasn't. Sometimes it was hard to tell whether her eyes were black or not, because they were such a deep purple-blue, and from the time she was born there was a beckoning slant to them that was completely alien to the inner Gabriella. Her eyebrows and lashes, instead of matching her pale hair, were as startlingly black as soot. The lashes swept her cheeks like black-lace fans. Her figure was slim and rounded and exquisite.

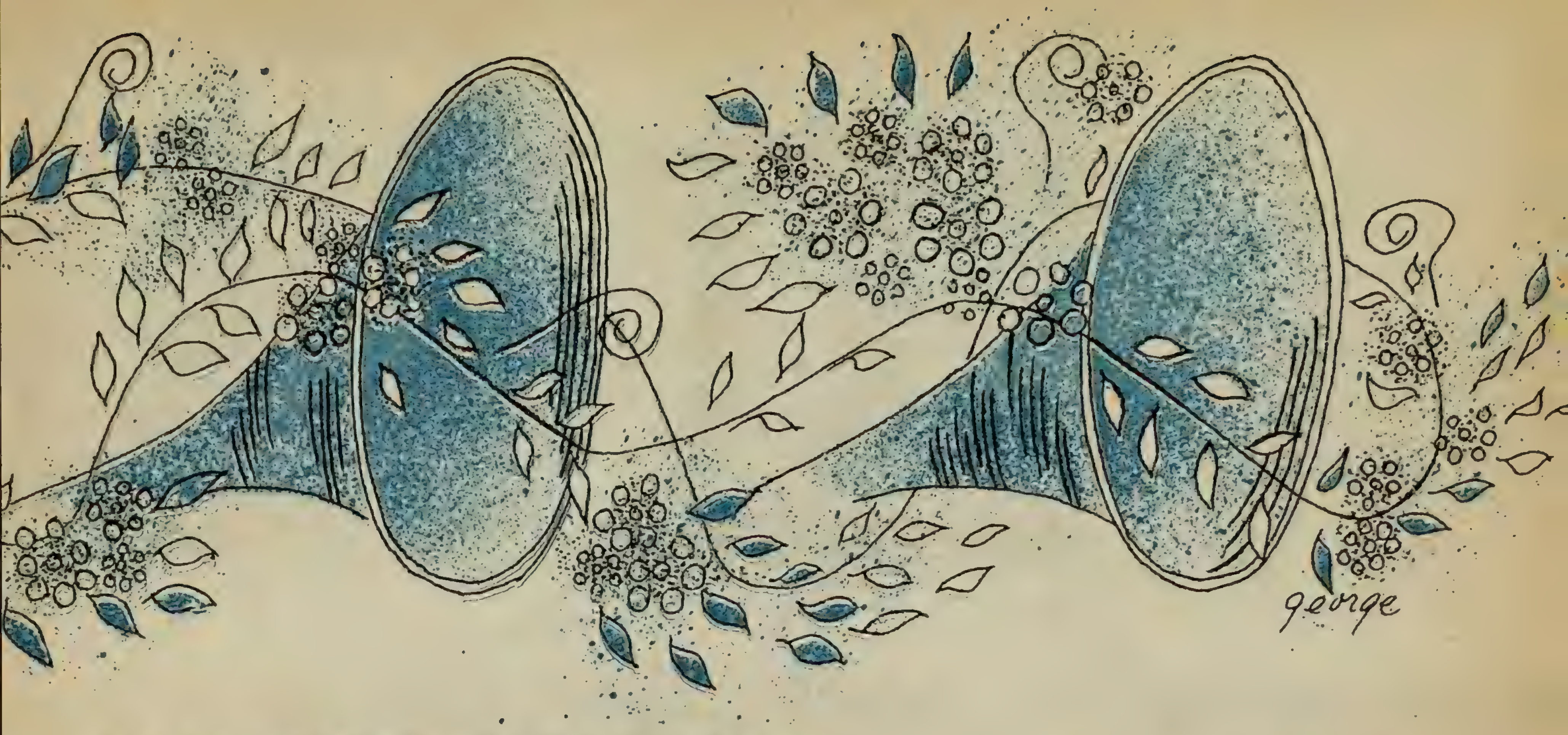
All this physical perfection, which for so long brought her only loneliness and bitterness, was her legacy from her parents. They left nothing else. Her father, so blond, and her mother, so dark, had been young and beautiful and carefree, and had frolicked through the twenties with nothing more arduous to do than think up extravagant ways to fill their days and nights.

But a few hours after Gabriella was born, her mother lay white and spent in the hospital bed, with her daughter cradled in the crook of her arm. Her voice was only a whisper as she said suddenly to her young husband, who sat beside the bed, "That's funny—I hear a sound—like—like trumpets."

Her husband, who had just come from a talk with the doctor, said, quick, "No, oh, no! It's probably a car horn you hear."

Her voice was almost inaudible now: "No, it's a trumpet —I'm sure . . ." Her pale lips curved in a half-smile. "I—guess we'd better call her—Gabriella. . . . There—I hear the trumpet again—it's louder now."

"It's just a ringing in your ears," he said desperately.



OF TRUMPETS

by Alice Means Reeve

She looked at the downy head of her daughter. "Now—I've done—everything," she said, "and I'm so tired, so very tired."

"No," he said, holding fast to her hand, "you haven't done everything. You haven't grown old. We'll grow old together."

"I'm—even too tired—to grow old," she said. And that was the last thing she ever did say.

■ Three months later, Gabriella's father, in his long yellow roadster, went around a corner that wasn't there. And Gabriella was left an orphan, with no one but a great-aunt, Lizzie Bacon, to bring her up.

Lizzie Bacon was a tall gaunt woman with sharp features. She had a black mole on her chin, from which protruded long black hairs. Her coarse stringy dark hair was pulled back so tightly from her forehead that it seemed impossible that she could close her eyes. And perhaps that was why nothing that went on in the town escaped Lizzie. She was too sharp-tongued to have any friends, and besides that, people feared her a little. With one flick of her tongue she could start something that would sweep the town like a brush fire in a strong wind.

People who had been friends of Gabriella's father and mother came to see her when she was a tiny baby. Lizzie stood in the background and listened with increasing horror to the remarks about Gabriella:

"She's got her father's mouth!"

"But her mother's eyes!"

"She's going to be a heartbreaker—you can see that!"

"She'll be her mother all over again!"

"You're going to have dynamite on your hands, Miss Bacon!"

Then Lizzie would say tartly, almost with relish, "Don't worry. I can handle her."

As Gabriella grew to exquisite little-girlhood, Lizzie dressed her in the plainest, ugliest clothes. Her small dresses were all gray and brown and a dreary putty color. Lizzie cut the soft waving moonlight-colored hair in a short uncompromising Dutch cut, with bangs straight across her forehead. But the bangs curled enchantingly in spite of everything she did. And she couldn't change the slant of Gabriella's eyes, or her coloring, or her beautiful small bones, or her delicate high-arched little feet, or her tapering hands.

Even from babyhood she was such a grave and serious and docile child that she was never any trouble. But Lizzie remembered Gabriella's parents. Sometime that heritage would crop out. You might even have said, if you'd been truthful, and known Lizzie's barren and uneventful life, that she was looking forward to it.

Lizzie never found it hard to keep Gabriella amused. Crayons or a box of paints would occupy her for hours at a time. And always, in the pictures she made, she used the brightest and most blatant colors, as if to make up for the colorlessness of her life and clothes. There was never anything appealing or childlike or pretty in her pictures. Besides the garish colors, there began to appear, as she grew older, a kind of stark, ugly passion, no matter what it was she drew.

Several times during her school days, teachers came to Lizzie Bacon and spoke to her about Gabriella's pictures. "The pictures are good, Miss Bacon," one of them said, "but they're so ugly—they're—almost frightening—animals with half-human faces! They're better than anything that's ever been done in the school, but we can't exhibit them with the other school work. They're too—well, I don't know how to put it—too—*knowing*, I guess. They—they're almost obscene, but I don't know why. Perhaps you should take Gabriella to a good psychiatrist."

And then, almost with gusto, Lizzie would tell the teacher of Gabriella's background, and the young parents, who had been mostly just young and gay and full of carefree vitality, became, through Lizzie's repeated tellings, steeped in wickedness and sin. Lizzie, lowering her voice, would say to the teacher, "Her mother was—well, I might as well say it—no better than she should be. And her father was a weak, worthless spendthrift. They left nothing—nothing. There was no one else to take care of the child, and while I'm glad to do it—it's been a struggle, making both ends meet. Ella will bear watching. Mark my words, that girl will come to no good end."

Lizzie would never call the child anything but Ella. "That ridiculous name Gabri-

(Continued on page 56)

Model Cleo Moore stars in a Hollywood adventure serial.

No more posing for credit by gals like Linda Lawson.

The boss, shown with actress Marjorie Steele, plans to make his own movies.

Vivacious Joy Lansing has that natural look.

Photographs by Jack Albin

Model super market

reading time 5 minutes

by Frances Ancker and Cynthia Hope

Huntington Hartford, heir to the A & P millions, is successfully applying the family business methods to his new model agency

■ When millionaire playboy Huntington Hartford set out to turn his work into play, he made the modeling business over.

"It all started at Miami Beach two years ago," the young heir to A & P millions recalled, as he paced back and forth in the new and novel Hartford Model Agency in New York.

"In the spirit of fun, I began to plan the ideal model agency—dependable incomes for all the girls, instead of the catch-as-catch-can earnings they've always had to depend on; a personal interest in their careers and futures; and a West Coast branch in Hollywood, to give the girls with acting talent a chance."

The agency was started on as small a scale as the first A & P stores, where Hartford's grandfather sold only tea and baking powder in 1859. Hartford admitted: "Only one girl out of all the glamor girls whom I asked to join the ranks took my idea seriously."

That first forward-looking beauty was blonde, blue-eyed Leona Fredericks of Miami, who coined $6,000 in model fees during her first six months with the fledgling agency. She made $168 in a single day, and has now appeared on six national magazine covers.

Teaming up with Bill Deering, a former Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout, Hartford established the "voucher system" which gave America's cover girls their first once-a-week pay checks since the model-agency business sprang up in 1923.

"I guess it was the old A & P principle in action," Hartford said. "Cash-and-carry did it!"

Hartford girls do not have to wait for checks from the various department stores, artists, and advertising agencies for whom they pose. Instead, they are paid by the agency every Friday, right on the dot of 1 P.M., for the actual hours they've posed during the week.

But it isn't only the double-quick pay checks that have sent the Hartford Agency skyrocketing. In addition, Hartford, as agency director Bill Deering points out, is the best talent scout in the business.

One of his very busiest beauties, a debutante of a season ago, had no intention of becoming a professional model when she made her bow to society.

"It was a big affair at the River Club," Hartford recalls. "At first, I wasn't going to attend. But I live upstairs in the penthouse, and it seemed easy enough to just drop down and have a dance or two with the deb of the evening.

"There was a mob around her, and when I finally got close enough to say hello, she was too rushed to give me more than a glance. 'Look,' I said to her. 'This is out of the social routine. This is strictly business!' I guess I must have looked like I meant it, because she gave me a dance, and she's been working with the agency ever since!"

While Hartford's younger friends cheered his model-agency efforts, he was uncertain of family approval. His uncles, John and George Hartford, are still at the helm of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, and no Hartford had ever before gone into any venture as gaily glamorous as the model-agency business. But as the model business began to build toward its present peak of 750 active clients who employ 150 Hartford models, the senior Hartfords saw that they had another winner. Young "Hunt" finally knew that his uncles had really warmed up to the idea when the A & P booked a Hartford model for one of its national ads.

"My uncles are very astute business men," Hartford said, "and I knew the A & P would book only a super model, whether she was ours or not."

Hartford, not content with merely giving the girls a career in modeling, has an eye on their futures as well. He has set up a Hollywood branch of his agency, and also is planning to break into motion-picture producing with his own company. His is the only Manhattan agency at present that has screen-testing facilities right on the premises.

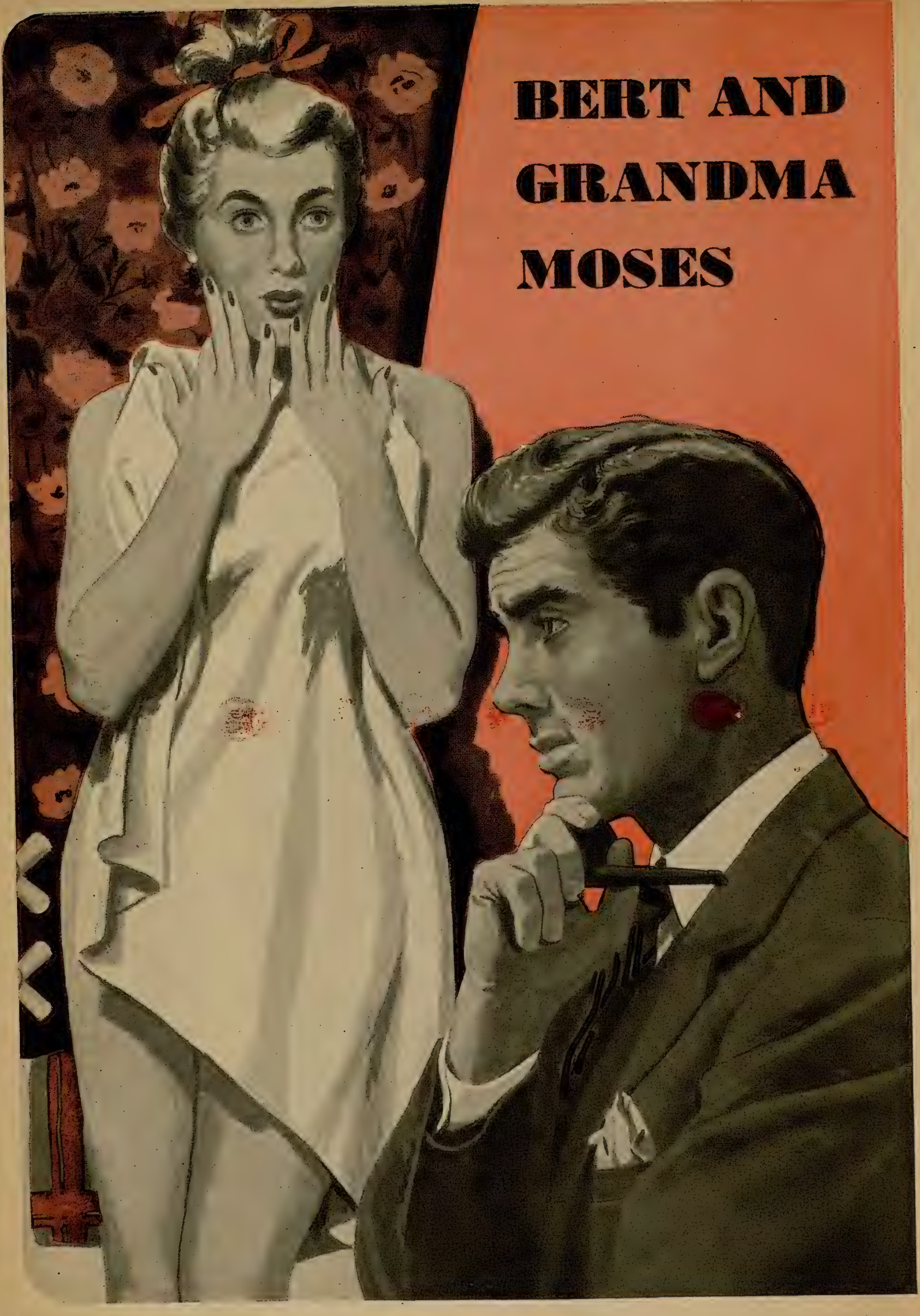
■ Here's how Hartford has developed his agency with an eye to a model's movie potentialities: A girl who comes to Hartford's agency can learn about grooming, poise, make-up, costume selection through her modeling career. Later, she can be screen-tested at the New York agency. Next, she can go to Hollywood, still in the employ of the agency and ready for a career in pictures. If there's that gap between film contracts during which many aspiring starlets must give up their careers for want of funds, the Hartford girl simply fills in with modeling jobs, booked right through her own agency, in Hollywood. She need not let go of one career to take up another.

Hartford and Deering also have made plans for the girls who are not motion-picture material but have talent in radio, the legitimate theater, and allied fields. Already the Hartford firmament of starlets is beginning to twinkle.

Most shining example is Laura Elliot, who was picked for a lead opposite Bill Eythe in Paramount's Special Agent. Another is Cleo Moore of Columbia Pictures, a feature player in Congo Bill. Candy Montgomery, the fairer half of a husband-and-wife model-and-dance team, is slated for a part in the coming musical, That's the Ticket. And in television, Leona Fredericks, Patty Painter, and Suzanne Shaw often appear on such national shows as Kraft and Kelvinator.

Right now Hartford, with two agencies to manage, a book about his life half finished, and plans for his motion-picture company well under way, is almost as busy as his grandfather must have been when he established his great chain groceries.

But, after all, it's only natural for a super-market heir to dream super dreams and to make a few come true for the daughters of American housewives who made the Hartfords rich. ■ ■



BERT AND GRANDMA MOSES

A Liberty Short Short by F. Hugh Herbert

reading time 13 minutes

A story that will touch the heart of every working man—and scare his wife to death

■ The young man turned into a shabby street and shuffled slowly toward his home between the rows of mean, bedraggled little houses. He rarely saw the street so early in the afternoon on a weekday, and it occurred to him that he had never before realized how unattractive it looked. Somehow, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, seated in his tiny patch of yard, nursing along a cold beer, maybe, the street had always looked all right. Not the most desirable street in the world, not by a long shot, but it was all right. It would do.

In the glare of the scorching midafternoon sunlight, however, it was just a dilapidated street where he paid too much rent for a crummy little house.

He wondered what Edie would say. He was very much afraid of what Edie would say. Edie had a pretty sharp tongue. She wasn't going to like this. She wasn't going to like it one little bit. Edie would think he'd gone crazy.

Above all, Edie wouldn't understand it or *try* to understand. She was a wonderful girl, but she was too darned *practical.* Work hard, pay your bills regular, don't buy stuff on time, save money, go to church once in a while, don't drink too much—that was Edie's way of life. It was O.K. with him, too. Edie was a swell girl. But the things that went on in a guy's head sometimes, the crazy, cockeyed things a guy dreamed about. Edie never got those.

Now, of course, when she heard what he'd done now, there was no telling *what* she'd say or do. She'd think he'd gone absolutely crazy. It wouldn't do any good telling her he'd been thinking about it for months, because she'd only tell him it was a pity he couldn't think of anything more sensible. She always wanted him and her to be sensible. She was probably right, too. What he'd done that morning wasn't at all sensible. Edie wasn't going to like it at all. Edie was going to be sore as hell.

He fished out his bunch of keys and let himself into the house. The place was a mess. He was on his way to the kitchen to look for her when he heard the harsh rattle in the pipes that meant someone was taking a bath. He could hear water splashing in the bathroom and the sound of Edie singing. He rapped viciously on the door. He didn't know how he was going to tell Edie. She wasn't going to like it.

She snapped the door open. She looked like a scared kid.

"Bert—why ain't you at the shop?"

"Because I'm home, that's why." He slouched back into the living room. She scurried after him.

"You got fired!" she wailed. "Oh, Bert, you didn't!"

"No—I didn't get fired."

"You're lying to me. I can always tell by the way you act funny. You got fired! Oh, Bert." She started to cry, wiping her eyes on her cotton robe.

"For Pete's sake, Edie—stop crying. I *didn't* get fired."

"Then why are you home so early—and why do you act so funny?"

"Can't a guy come home if he feels like it?"

"You got fired," said Edie sadly, with utter conviction. "Oh, honey—why did you have to go and get fired?" She tried to put her arm around him, but he jumped up and walked over to the fireplace.

"You hadn't oughta've got fired, Bert," she whimpered unhappily.

"I *wasn't* fired!" he yelled at her. "Whatcha want me to do—swear on a stack of Bibles?"

"So what happened, Bert? *Something's* happened. What *did* happen?"

■ He turned away from her, leaning on the mantel, and kicked dents into the cheap little brass fender. No use stalling any longer. Now he'd have to tell her. She wasn't going to like it.

"You got fired," Edie insisted in a small, frightened voice. He turned to face her.

"You're wrong," he said. "I wasn't fired. I quit."

She stared in utter incredulity. "Whatcha mean, you quit?"

"Quit. Q-U-I-T. Quit."

He dealt the fender a shattering kick.

"But, honey—*why* did you quit?"

"Because I was bored stiff," he said, slowly, distinctly, and defiantly.

"You're crazy," said Edie. "You *must* be crazy. What do you mean, you was bored? You must be *crazy.*"

"Maybe I am," said Bert. "I knew that's what you'd say. That's what Mr. Curtis said. But that's why I quit. Maybe I *am* crazy."

For the first time since he had come home he smiled at her. Edie stared at him, screwing up her eyes like a bewildered child.

"But, Bert, honey—you *can't* quit."

"Don't be so dumb," he suggested amiably. "I can—and I have. I just got through telling you."

"You got another job lined up?"

"Nope."

■ She walked over and wound slim cool arms around his neck. He was a big man and she had to stand on tiptoe. He put his arms around her and rubbed his chin against her neck. He needed a shave.

"I'm a little dope," said Edie. "You're kidding. I *know.* You *didn't* quit. You couldn't've. You're kidding me."

"Look," he tried to be very patient. "I'm not kidding. If you don't believe me, call Mr. Curtis. I quit. I was bored stiff and I quit. Period."

"Oh, Lord!" said Edie and started to cry again. "A wonderful job like that and you gotta quit! You're crazy." She went to the couch and stared at him. Suddenly hope welled up in her breast again. She wiped away the tears and smiled.

"I know what it is," she said brightly. "You got a better job with more money all lined up—and you thought it'd be cute to—"

He pounded savagely on the mantel with his fist.

"Look," he said grimly. "I ain't being cute. I ain't got no better job lined up. I ain't got *no* job lined up. I don't *want* no job."

"You gonna hold up a bank or something?" Her voice was shrill and defiant.

"We got over a thousand bucks saved, ain't we?"

"Yeah—and it's gonna *stay* saved. That money's for the baby."

"Oh, Edie—I didn't think—" He stared at her sewing strewn on the floor.

"Don't worry," she snapped at him. "It ain't on the way yet. That's a house coat I'm making." Now she was good and mad. "You gonna loaf for the rest of your life?"

"No—I ain't gonna loaf."

"Somebody left you a million bucks maybe? What do you figure we're gonna use for money?"

"I can make money. Don't worry."

"Oh, sure. You can print it in the cellar."

"Look," he said irritably. "Quit shooting your mouth off. Lemme explain. I can explain."

"It better be good," she warned him. "You walk out on a swell job down to the shop just because you was bored stiff. Better be awful good."

"Look," he said reasonably. "We been married two years. You know me pretty good. You know me since we was in grammar school together. You think I'm a bum maybe? That what you think?"

"Better don't ask *what* I think right now. You mightn't like it."

He wasn't getting any place. Telling Edie was tougher than he'd figured. Much tougher. Maybe he *was* crazy, at that.

"Look," he said. "Grinding valves on old Buicks ain't the only way for a guy to make a living."

"It's the only way you know," said Edie.

"A guy can always learn something different, Edie."

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHANIE

"You never learned quick even when you was in kindergarten."

"Look," he said wistfully. "Quit riding me, will ya? I got something on my mind."

She gave a derisive, wifely sniff.

"O.K., Bert, let's have it. Whatcha figure you'll do?"

She wasn't going to like it, but he still had to tell her.

"Look," he said humbly. "Maybe I am crazy, but I been thinking maybe I could—well, paint."

"Paint?" Her voice was a bewildered squeak. "You mean paint the house?"

"No—not the house!" he roared. "I mean *paint.*"

"Paint *what,* for heaven's sake?"

"Pictures!" he yelled. "Ain'tcha never heard of people painting pictures?"

"You're crazy, Bert. You've gone nuts. You never painted a picture in your life. Oh, you're really crazy!"

She wept again, a keening wail that grated on him.

"Look, Edie," he pleaded. "Quit that. Quit it. Look. You ever hear of Grandma Moses?"

"Grandma *who?*"

"Moses. She paints. Pictures. She's about ninety, I think. She never painted until a coupla years ago. Now she paints pictures. They had a piece about her in a magazine. They printed her pictures. She makes millions."

"You're crazy."

"Well, maybe not millions, but she makes scads of dough. I seen a lot of her pictures. I can paint as good as she can. I *know* I can. Honest, I can, Edie."

"You're crazy with the heat. You never painted a picture in your—"

"I did *so,*" he insisted vehemently. "I got a B in art at school. I was pretty good. I still can draw. I always wanted to—" He stopped short, and a rather shy, charming smile replaced his sullen scowl. He fished in his pockets for his wallet.

■ "Look, Edie," he said gently. "I done a drawing to show you. I done it down to the shop when things were slow. It's only pencil, but I bet if I got paints I could do as good as Grandma Moses. Here." He unfolded a piece of paper and, rather fearfully, handed it to his wife. Edie studied it for several moments.

"What is it?" she said finally. She wasn't riding him now. Her voice was expressionless, her face a blank. She just wanted to know what it was.

"You gone blind?" he rasped. "What does it *look* like?"

"I don't know," said Edie.

"It's a picture!" he yelled. "It's a picture of kids skating in Central Park. On the lake. It's just in pencil."

"Oh," said Edie. She started to cry again, miserably.

"Look," his voice was beginning to crack. "Quit bawling. Look. Can't you *see* what it is? Kids. Skating. In winter. In Central Park. It's snowing, see? It's as good as anything Grandma Moses can do."

"I think it stinks," said Edie. "Oh, Bert, honey—you're crazy."

The heat was stifling, and he had a headache, and he was not too far from tears himself. Maybe it *was* a crazy idea. Mr. Curtis said it was, and Edie thought so too, and maybe they were right.

He went to the closet in the hall where they kept a file of old magazines, and he found the magazine devoted to Grandma Moses and her works. He showed it to Edie.

"Look," he said urgently. "See? She never had a lesson in her life. See what I mean? I can paint as good as her. I bet you."

"I think *she* stinks," said Edie. "If you only want to paint as good as her, you must be crazy. Forget it."

"She ain't the only one, Edie. Hell—I seen lotsa pictures. All along Fifty-ninth Street, back of the shop. I could paint as good as them if I tried."

"Says who?"

"You gotta try before you find out, don'tcha?" He sucked his teeth noisily. Now that he'd told Edie, he felt foolish. Now it *really* sounded crazy.

"Other guys done it, Edie. Without no lessons or nothin'. Didn'tcha read coupla weeks ago about the guy in the delicatessen? I been thinking about him for days."

"What about him? What delicatessen?"

"Guy runs a delicatessen. Right here in the Bronx someplace. Likes to paint. Never had no lessons. Paints pictures till his store's lousy with 'em. Fellow what knows about art comes in. Sees these pictures. They have a show with just this guy's pictures. Sells 'em all. Hundreds of bucks apiece. *He* done it."

"I'll bet he's still got the delicatessen," said Edie. "And maybe he paints good. Maybe he knows how."

"This guy in the delicatessen," said Bert slowly, "he—"

"He owns a delicatessen," she cut in quickly. "Do *you* own a delicatessen? Go get yourself a good delicatessen—*clear*—and you can paint pictures till you're blue in the face. *I'll* sell the pastrami sandwiches." Her voice was shrill with sound feminine logic, but looking into his unhappy face, her eyes became tender.

"Look," he was still in there pitching. "Grandma Moses—"

"Bert, honey—be *sensible.* If she wants to take time out from running her delicatessen—"

"She don't *own* a delicatessen!" he shouted. "She don't own nothing. She only paints. That's all she does. Grandma Moses—"

"She oughta be ashamed of herself," said Edie. "Why don't she look after her grandchildren? Woman her age. Painting. She ain't got no more sense than you got."

"Look." He clenched his large fists and hammered his knees in anguish. "You don't even *listen* to me. Grandma Moses and this guy in the delicatessen are two different people."

"I'll say they're different. Crazy. Like you. And maybe this guy knows his stuff. You don't know paint from varnish."

"The papers said this guy didn't know from nothing. They said he was a primitive."

"And what's that?"

"Primitive. Means he never learned."

"O.K.," said Edie amiably. "So you're a primitive. Fat lot of groceries *that'll* buy. Forget it."

He picked up his pencil sketch from the floor where it had fallen, glanced at it for a moment, and then viciously tore it to shreds.

"Must be the heat," he said, staring down. "That's what Mr. Curtis said." He sighed painfully. "It seemed like a good idea this morning. But now it don't seem so good."

■ She took his face between her hands and kissed him on the lips. "Oh, Bert, honey—you're such a dope. Such a jerk. I love you." She brushed the hair off his moist hot forehead. "Bert, honey—would you like me to fix you some iced tea?"

"Sounds good to me, Edie."

"Did Mr. Curtis say you could have the job back?"

"Sure. Any time."

"You call him up—now. Tell him you had a sunstroke or something."

He reached for the telephone and then nursed it momentarily.

"Edie, I guess you're right. I'll *go* back. But I'll still *show* you. Instead of bumming around week-ends, I'm gonna buy some paints and I'm *still* gonna paint."

"Paint your fool head off"—Edie smiled—"just so you bring back a full pay envelope from the shop every Saturday. Slop paint all over the house if it'll make you happy."

He dialed his number pensively.

"I still bet I can paint as good as Grandma Moses," he mumbled.

"Nuts to Grandma Moses," said Edie. She went into the kitchen to fix the iced tea.

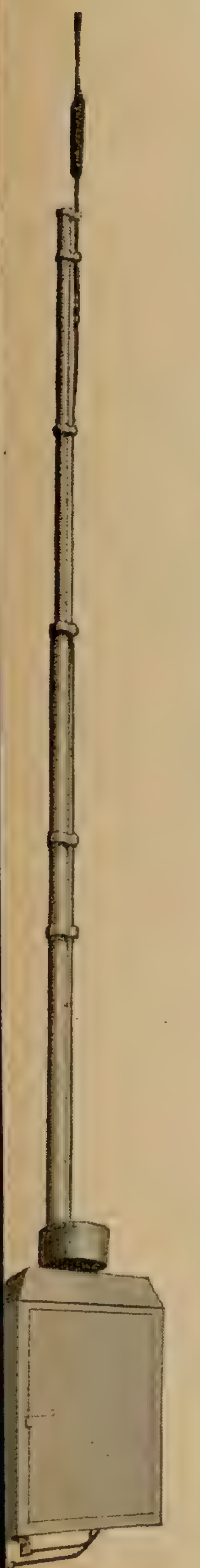
As she flipped the ice cubes out of the refrigerator tray, she wondered how it would feel to be the mother of a painter. . . . ■■

Telephones for motorists

reading time 4 minutes

Auto phones are used by business men, newspapers, rescue trucks, and buses. In fact, the back-seat driver is in for competition

by John J. Cummings



receiver
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■ More than 6,000 cars, trucks, trains, and other vehicles in more than 150 American cities and towns are now equipped with telephones. Their operators make and receive local or long-distance calls just as if they were in their homes or offices.

Since the first mobile telephones were put in use in St. Louis, more than two years ago, the idea of telephoning from a vehicle to almost anywhere in the world has become increasingly popular.

Already there are hints that the new telephones may bring some changes in business operations. A St. Louis builder got a mobile telephone for his station wagon and made the car his office.

His business involves use of large amounts of transit-mix concrete. During the day the contractor drives to his various jobs and telephones for concrete deliveries to fit progress of the work.

Near quitting time he orders just enough concrete to finish sections being poured. This reduces waste in concrete and extra pay for overtime.

"A surprising number of business men have told us their work is suited for an office on wheels," reports a New York City telephone official. "As soon as they can get mobile telephones, they plan to hire secretaries who can also act as chauffeurs and handle telephone calls in cars made over into offices."

Among those making wide use of mobile telephones are doctors, ambulance and public health services, contractors, newspapers, public utilities, trucking and delivery services, detective agencies, salesmen, loan-company appraisers, and home-service businesses like radio repairs and laundries.

Since facilities are still limited, commercial users thus far comprise a big majority of mobile service customers. It may be several years before the average motorist can get a telephone for his car.

The telephone unit put in your car is really a two-way radio. The radio takes up little room in the trunk of a car or under the seat of a truck. The telephone is mounted on a hook on the dashboard.

Your car's radio-telephone is tuned permanently to a radio station operated by the local telephone company. In general the broadcast range of these stations is about 25 or 30 miles.

How does the mobile telephone work?

Well, suppose you are at the telephone in your home and want to talk with a motorist who has a mobile telephone. You call the regular telephone operator, ask for "mobile service," and then give the telephone number of the car.

The mobile-service operator dials the car's number. Radio waves cause a bell to ring in the car you want, and a dashboard light goes on in the car. The light stays on until the driver answers.

The driver's voice goes by radio to the nearest of several receiving stations that the telephone company has placed around the city. The voice then reaches you by regular telephone wires. Since the broadcast range from a car is short, a number of receiving stations are established in various locations in large cities.

When the driver makes the call, he picks up the telephone, presses a "push-to-talk" button in the handle of the handset, and gives the mobile-service operator the number of the regular telephone he wants. Dial systems may be installed later.

Local telephone companies rent the mobile telephone equipment to customers, or the customer may provide his own. Initial charges are $25 for installation, $15 a month for rental and maintenance, and a minimum of $7 a month for local calls. A three-minute local call costs 30 to 40 cents. Long-distance calls are at the regular day person-to-person rate.

All users of mobile telephones get manuals on how the equipment is to be operated. There are federal penalties for using indecent language or for divulging information obtained by "listening in."

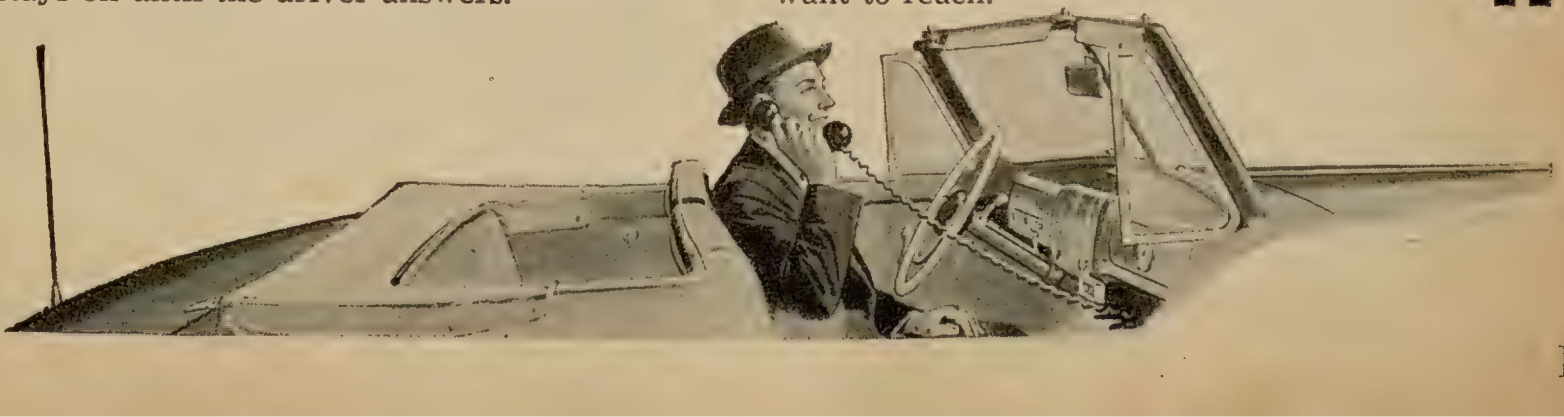
Motorists are warned to stop their vehicles before making or receiving calls unless there is another person in the front seat who can handle the call.

In some cases a six-foot antenna is required for operation of the mobile telephone. This can mean trouble at low bridges or where trees overhang the road. But Greyhound buses, which are adopting radio-telephones, will have an automatic device that raises an antenna when the unit is in use.

Already the new service has piled up an imposing record of saving lives. For instance, two small children were taken from a burning home in Detroit, near death from suffocation and burns. A fire rescue truck equipped with a mobile telephone rushed them to a hospital. On the way, the rescue squad, administering oxygen to the unconscious children, saw that the oxygen supply was nearly exhausted. They telephoned the hospital. As the fire truck pulled up to the ambulance entrance, doctors were waiting with oxygen tanks. The children recovered.

The Red Cross tested a mobile unit for one of its disaster trucks in Chicago. Now it plans to make the service nation-wide, to handle calls for medicines, doctors, clothing, and other assistance for families when disaster strikes.

Yes, a lot of messages like that will be streaking over the air waves from now on—along with other calls that will create new business opportunities. For no matter where we are, mobile telephones will allow instant communication with anybody we want to reach. ■■



Low man on a Poll

reading time 4 minutes

by David Brown, Editor of Liberty

■ In a few weeks Harry S. Truman will succeed himself as President of the United States. Behind this statement, of course, lies 1948's biggest news story.

While this magazine cannot lay claim to an unblemished record of successful prophecy (see WHY DEWEY CANNOT BE NOMINATED, April, 1948, Liberty), we do take credit for having foreseen the possibility of Mr. Truman's election well over a year ago.

In the July 5, 1947, Liberty editorial, under the title A Tip to the G.O.P., we asserted, "If the Republicans fall into the trap of smug overconfidence . . . it will not be the Democrat who goes down to defeat at the polls in November, 1948."

And in the July 19, 1947, Liberty, under the title Get Rid of the Experts, we offered the suggestion, "Why not fire the experts? For years we have let them run our government, our business, and even our private lives on the theory that the world was too big for us. They proved wrong again and again and again."

The experts, we recalled, blamed the depression on overproduction, then went on to talk about one-third of the nation being ill-fed and ill-clothed. Also, experts told us Germany couldn't start a war, Russia wouldn't hold out for more than six weeks, and record unemployment would be with us come V-J Day.

Not to mention the opinion of some experts—including this one—that abandonment of controls would bring prices down. And, of course, the almost unanimous recent opinion that Mr. Truman couldn't win.

There is a great lesson to be learned from Harry Truman's election. It should be clear, even to an expert. The American people like to think for themselves. Too many leaders of the American people—meaning editors, publishers, industrialists, labor leaders, politicians, and other big shots—like others to do their thinking for them.

Maybe it is time for our top brass of the press, industry, movies, and radio to start listening to the people instead of letting George (one guess last name) do it.

Walter Lippmann's theory that a comparatively few people make up the country's mind seems forever blasted. The country makes up its own mind, and so far there is no proven method of determining in advance what it thinks—except, possibly, to do a little honest thinking as a citizen instead of hiring someone to do it for you.

The nation's leading advertisers and their advertising agencies might try looking behind their charts and graphs at people instead of statistics, on the theory that while people are always statistics, statistics are not always people. And people sometimes defy objective analysis—people being anything but objective. (How many advertising men are objective? And if they are, how come the occupational disease is ulcers?)

Movie producers likewise might hie themselves to a neighborhood theater on Saturday night to see how folks like their films. At current box-office prices, they may be certain of gleaning a definite reaction one way or other.

The wise men who send out those confidential letters of sage counsel had better go back to tea-leaf reading instead of posing as practitioners of an exact science. Admitting they were wrong is no defense when they are paid to be right. And their customers—most of whom are very important people—might try talking to their neighbors to find out how the country is feeling and faring.

The truth of the matter is that too many of our solid citizens and so-called molders of public opinion are isolationists in their private lives. They pride themselves on their knowledge of the public, but have forgotten what the public looks, acts, or thinks like. They live in penthouses and exclusive suburbs, vacation in Sun Valley or Palm Beach, travel in limousines and see America through a drawing-room window of an extra-fare train.

Without in any way underrating their ability, hard work, and integrity, or suggesting that they move in with their poor relations, we believe that the recent election is a warning that they are not in tune with the people.

This is not to say that the people are always right or know what is good for them. Heavens, no! But we do believe, in the light of recent experience, that government by the people is better than government by experts!

Already Gloomy Guses are coming up with some new expert opinions. "Election results," asserts a recent headline, "called end of the American Republic." We did not get past that headline—we recalled another expert prediction—this by a former President—that grass would grow in the streets of our cities if he were not elected.

■ At the risk of being called an expert ourself, we would like to venture these predictions:

Life will go on. The American Republic will not die. Grass will grow, although not in city streets, and children will cry. Crowds will fill up the ball parks again next summer and men will continue to shake their heads unbelievingly at women's hats. Audiences will laugh at Jack Benny and bobby-soxers will continue to swoon at Sinatra or his equivalent. And June nights will weave their spell over boy and girl. Yes, youth will continue to have its fling, papa will pay, and Americans will go on being a unique, happy, unpredictable tribe whose love of freedom and individuality will never be plotted on a chart.

The experts can take it from there! ■■

RED-FACE DEPARTMENT

DR. GEORGE H. GALLUP
He picked Dewey to poll 49.5 per cent of the total vote. He explains his so-wrong prediction by saying that poll taking must be considered just an "infant science."

COL. R. R. McCORMICK
Early editions of the Colonel's Chicago Tribune featured: Dewey Defeats Truman. The day after, Truman gleefully displayed copies of paper to his admirers.

DAVID LAWRENCE
"President Tru
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winning the cam
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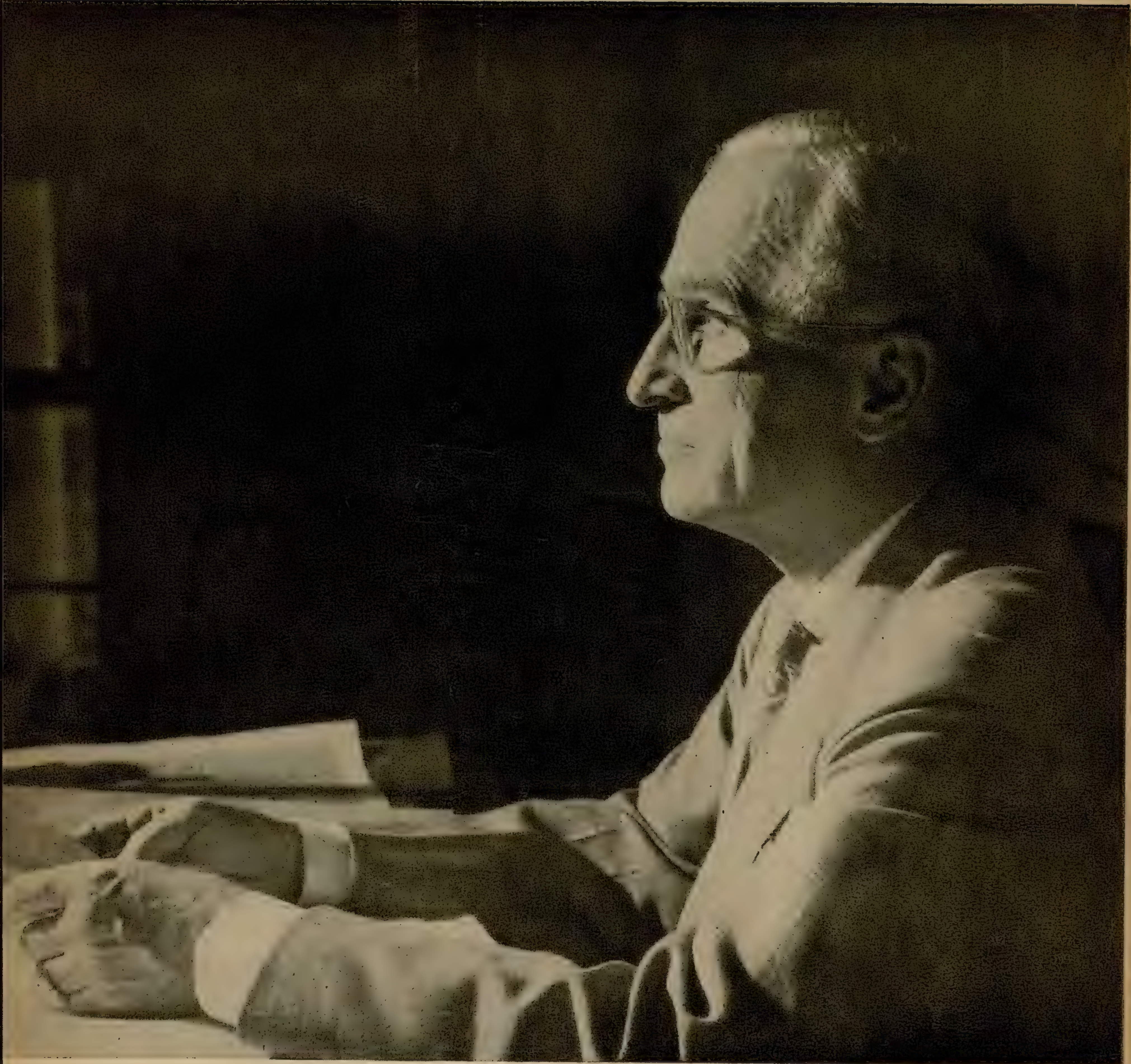
what Mr. Law
rence, editor o
U. S. News sai
one week befor
Truman won.



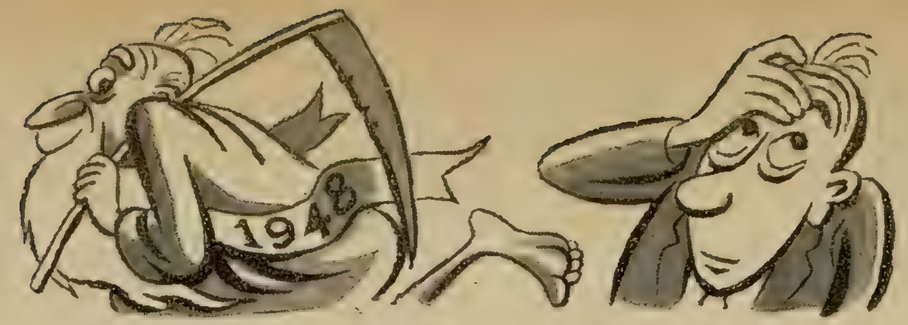
PHOTOS BY HARRIS & EWING AND ACME

President Truman reiterated on election day what he'd said all along: The pollsters are going to be red-faced.

WILLARD M. KIPLINGER
He and his newsletter also were wrong. Mailing of Kiplinger Magazine was suspended. It had been based on a report—"What Will Dewey Do?"

ELMO ROPER
Reddest of the red-faced was Mr. Roper, who was so sure of a G.O.P. victory that on September 9 he would report no more figures unless there was a significant change.

ARCHIBALD M. CROSSLEY
His final prediction was 51 per cent for Dewey. Fifty Washington news correspondents did no better. In a Newsweek Magazine poll they all picked Dewey.



What do you know about '48?

by Ted Shane

1. *(a)* Who murdered whom in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day? *(b)* What happened in the Salad Bowl? *(c)* Fruit Bowl?

2. Josip Broz startled the world by defying Josef Dzugashvili. Explain. Did he get away with it?

3. Who entered a doghouse because they had unleashed "a cacophonic and chaotic heaping of sounds which strongly smells of the spirit of current modernistic bourgeois music"?

4. What was known as the Bandaid Song and who wrote it?

5. Nicknames made news. Identify: *(a)* Henry the Ache. *(b)* Idaho's Hot Potato. *(c)* The Bitch of Buchenwald. *(d)* Jersey Joe. *(e)* Ol' Satchelfoots.

6. After being fined $20,000, and his union $1,400,000, who had his salary raised to $50,000 a year?

7. It was a year of romance. There were pairings and repairings. Who did what to whom?

Irene Selznick
Jane Wyman
Artie Shaw
Maria Jeritza
June Haver
Arline Judge
Gypsy Rose Lee
Dennis Day
Franchot Tone
Hedy Lamarr
Jean Wallace
John Loder

Margaret Ellen Almquist
David Selznick
Henry J. (Bob) Topping
Henry J. (Bob) Topping
Ronald Reagan
Irving J. Seery
Julio de Diego
Jimmy Zito
Kathleen Winsor

What happened to Lana Turner?

8. It was a year of sensations. *(a)* Who is alleged to have said in a Washington restaurant, "Waiter, there's a spy in my soup!"? *(b)* The son of what well-known writer sued his ex-employers for more than $1,000,000? *(c)* Who confessed to dyeing her hair to betray her country? *(d)* Who Hissed in whose Chambers?

9. Having already claimed the invention of the steam engine, penicillin, steel girders, and radar, what nation also added the electric bulb, the transformer, and electric welding?

10. On the field of muscular battle: *(a)* What ancient enemy of Brooklyn was retired? *(b)* What bombshell fell on New York fans in midseason?

11. In the world of sport: *(a)* Who won the Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes? *(b)* The U. S. Men's National Singles tennis crown? *(c)* Poughkeepsie Intercollegiate Regatta? *(d)* Olympic decathlon? *(e)* World's chess championship? *(f)* Little World Series? *(g)* Golf National Open? *(h)* What Dutch housewife starred at the Olympics?

12. Identify *(a)* Virus X. *(b)* Virus Sex.

13. It Took Nine Tailors appeared and made very little impression. It was *(a)* A play about Wallace's Vice-Presidential running mate? *(b)* The autobiography of Adolphe Menjou written by A. A. Musselman? *(c)* The Life of Dubinsky?

14. What was the Bell X-1?

15. Who said, "Because of the economy wave in Hollywood they've had to lay off nine of Bing Crosby's make-up men"?

16. The Allies' air line began flying the Rainbow Route to Berlin. Describe.

17. Stephen J. Supina, war hero, made the U. N. look upward as well as forward. How?

18. The ECOSOC got into the headlines because it was *(a)* The Empty-headed Communists of Seattle Overthrowing Capitalism? *(b)* The sound made by Lou Boudreau's bat? *(c)* The Economic and Social Council of the U. N., meeting in Geneva to establish human rights?

19. Who was WHO in '48?

20. What *(a)* movie got the Academy Award for '47? *(b)* Whose performances snagged ditto? *(c)* What was the deflationary move of Hollywood in '48? *(d)* What movie bad man was arrested as a bad man? *(e)* What Hollywood star became a terrific Broadway hit in what? *(f)* Britain and Hollywood made peace. What were the terms?

21. Who was said to be slated for the positions of Toastmaster General and Secretary of Eggriculture if Dewey had won?

22. They figured in popular movies. Name the pictures: *(a)* A mermaid's tail. *(b)* A man trapped on a bridge. *(c)* A metal obstruction to peace. *(d)* Timepieces and magazine executives. *(e)* A man named Blandings. *(f)* 777. *(g)* A pair of red shoes.

23. What senator was most indiscreet during '48?

24. Five famous people celebrated their fourteenth birthday on May 28 entirely unnoticed. Who are they?

25. On receipt of a pair of spurs, who said, "I really can take Congress for a ride now"? And how did he do it?

26. *(a)* Who was Heels Beals? *(b)* What was Konitsa? *(c)* Who was the shy, enchanted boy folks sang unshyly about?

27. What $87,000 peach turned out to be a World Series lemon; and what Lemon turned out to be a peach? (Yuk-yuk.)

28. The micro-plankton organisms around Bikini were still how active?

29. What was Operation Sandstone?

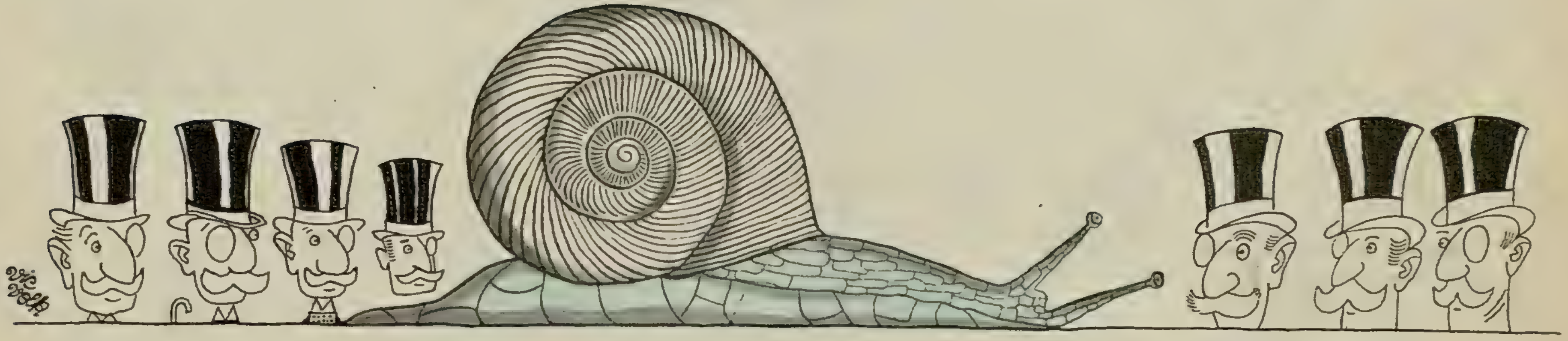
(Answers will be found on page 61)

On the trail of the snail

reading time 5 minutes

by *Alfred Eris*

The lowly snail can change his sex at will and never has a housing problem. In fact, a learned society has set out to study his fascinating habits



■ Can you change your sex at will? Are you entirely free of housing worries? If you cannot answer "yes" to each of these queries, then don't snicker at the lowly snail. It is on the affirmative side of both questions. Besides, it would antagonize the 80-odd scholars of the British Society of Snail-Watchers, an organization that is ever ready to take up the cudgels on behalf of this much-maligned creature.

Peter J. Henniker-Heaton, secretary and founder of the society, which has members in the United States, Sweden, China, Greece, and other lands, would like us nerve-racked, war-jittery twentieth-century moderns to note carefully the virtues of the snail. He and his colleagues believe we have a good deal to learn from the quiet, methodical, sure-footed progress (it lays its own tarmac for rough going) of *Helix aspersa,* or the common snail, which always gets there, even if trains and planes don't.

And so many agree with Mr. Henniker-Heaton, he has been forced to limit membership in the society to those who can contribute original observations on snail life or furnish quotations not already in the society's files.

Snail lovers dig up such quotations from the Bible as this verse from Psalm 58: "As a snail which melteth, let every one of them pass away." Others gained membership with bits like this from Shakespeare's As You Like It: "The whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail, unwillingly to school."

One member made the grade with a bit of history. He learned that 40 years ago snails almost caused a crisis in French bureaucracy. The mystery of why government clerks in a Paris office were behind in their work was cleared up by the discovery of an organized system of snail racing during office hours. Not content with eating them, many a Frenchman was losing his shirt on slow snails just as many of us do on slow horses.

Another society scholar unearthed the fact that the world's "track" record for a snail is held by a fleet-shelled snail named Ditto. This Citation of the snail world, which is owned by an Englishman, set a hot pace of 30 feet in only one day.

The Snail-Watching Society got its start in Yattendon, a small town in Berkshire, England. One day in September, 1945, Mr. Henniker-Heaton and his wife were taking a walk when they saw a bank by the roadside that was covered with a veritable galaxy of snails. As the Henniker-Heatons reported afterward: "The moisture in the air brought out the color in the shells and the bank shone like an animated jeweller's counter."

The Henniker-Heatons were visiting in Yattendon and they discussed their find with their hosts at dinner that evening. Their host produced a quotation from Shakespeare: "Thou drone, thou snail, thou slug." And thus was kindled the inspiration for the birth of the Yattendon Cochleological Group, otherwise known as the British Snail-Watching Society. Proceeding at a most unsnail-like pace, the idea caught on and membership in the society became mighty coveted.

But let it not be supposed that the society's aims are merely frivolous. The Snail-Watchers move forward united in a campaign to encourage as many people as possible to watch snails; to encourage members to record snail behavior and habits; to tabulate information about snails as living creatures, symbols, metaphors, etc.

The society's motto is *Semper Domi*—"Always at Home." This, of course, alludes to the fact that the snail suffers from no housing shortage—it carries its house on its back. No declining birth rate for Mr. (or Mrs.) Snail, either. It is a male or female at will. For the first year of its life the snail is a male, but afterward suffers a coquettish turn of mind and becomes female.

■ Snail watchers like to roll their tongues over such designations as two-toothed door snail, silky snail, two-hipped snail, ruddy, mitre, harp, apple, spire, agate, amber, hind-gilled, and others of the Heinzlike variety of snails. Few know that the shell of the prickly snail houses a daring parachutist. After ascending an enticing tree trunk, this variety descends by choosing leaves about to fall and parachuting down in the most intrepid fashion.

Snail watching isn't without its international complications. Repercussions were almost immediate when the late Draja Milhailovich, whose name was anathema to Moscow, admitted, after his capture in the Yugoslavian hills, that he "lived on snails and wild herbs for three months." Whether Moscow has sworn revenge against the snail is uncertain, but Ilya Ehrenburg, Soviet writer, went miles out of his way to attack the British Snail-Watchers as "whisky-drinking, disillusioned gentlemen with a monotonous hobby."

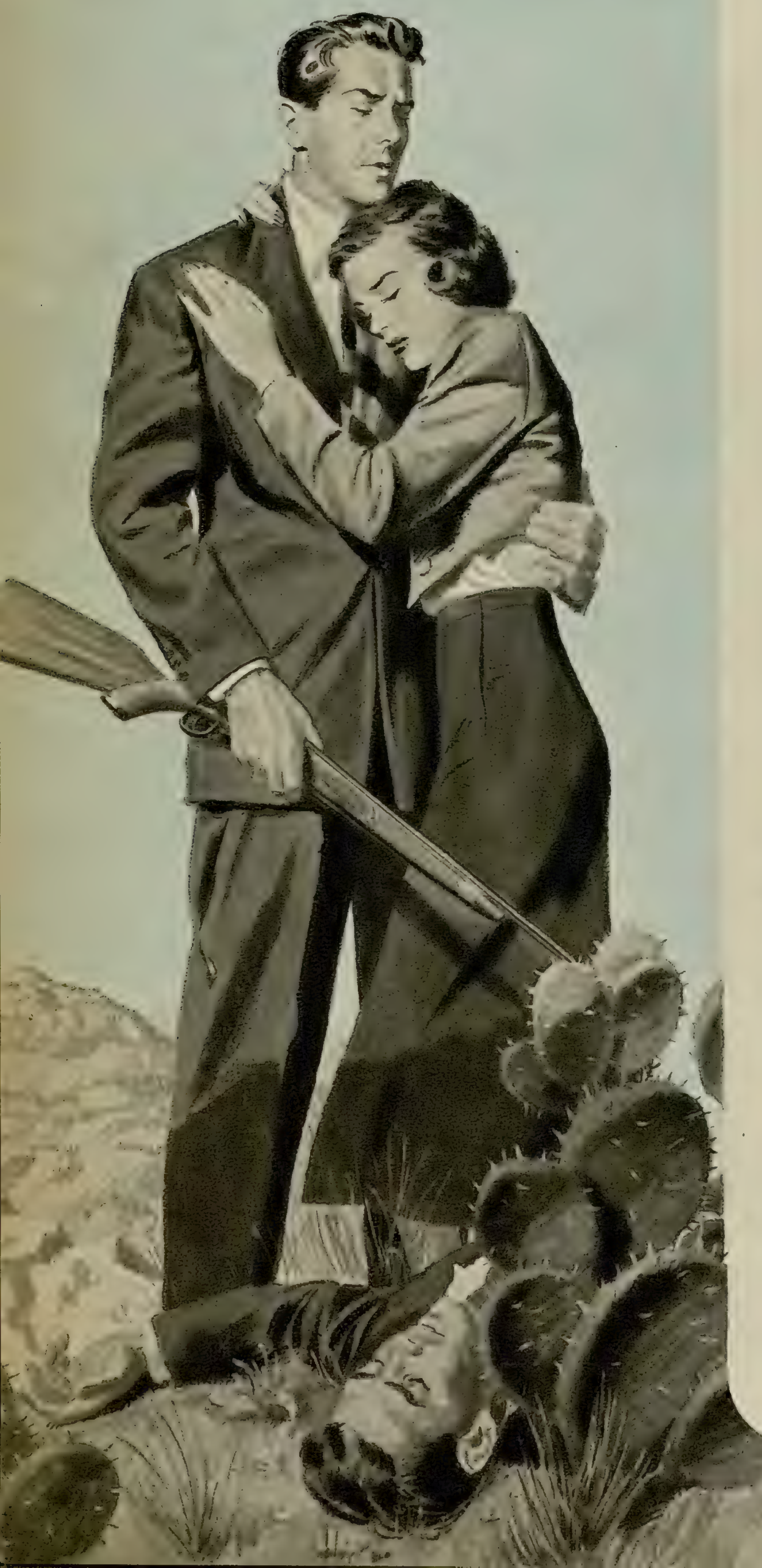
Mr. Henniker-Heaton isn't losing any sleep over that, but he is extremely anxious to help the snail to make its cinematic debut and feels that the virtues of the lowly *Helix aspersa,* expounded in films à la Disney, would convert this nerve-racked world to emulating its easy-going habits.

"After all," he points out, "look what Mickey Mouse has done for mice!" ■ ■

FRAME-UP

by Samuel W. Taylor

The surprise ending to end all surprise endings—plus another, happier ending



CONCLUSION

"Scootie! Lie down!"

The child kept running toward me, laughing. I raced for her. Another bullet cracked overhead, shot a spurt of dust and whined away. I caught Scootie at a dead run and dived behind the haystack.

"Do it again, daddy! Do it again!"

I must have replied sharply, for her eyes grew big and her lower lip began to tremble. I said, "Honeybun, we're hiding, see? We'll hide in the hay, huh?"

Scootie brightened. The hiding business occupied her while I took a cautious look from the base of the haystack. A bullet kicked dust near my head and I played with Scootie a bit more. We played making a house in the hay. I climbed onto the stack to take a look and slid down just as Scootie began wandering away. Then we played bear. Then badger. And in the meanwhile I was wondering what to do.

A scream came from the hillside, the shriek of a woman. Then Lila was calling: "Cliff! Cliff! Quick!"

I broke from cover, ran across the flat, and fought my way up through the brush. "Over here!" she called. She was atop a ledge, a rifle in her hands pointing downward at a bearded man.

The man was Hiram Silvers.

As I took the rifle from Lila's hands, she wilted. "I had to do it, Cliff," she said wanly. "He might have shot Scootie." Then she stiffened. "Scootie's down there all alone. Oh, how could you, Cliff!" And she went scrambling down the slope.

"A girl," Hiram said disgustedly. He had a nasty lump on his forehead and the general air of a man thoroughly mussed up. "A girl. And me with a gun."

"Never sell a woman short when she's protecting a child."

"I was working downhill, getting an angle on the haystack," he mused, with the air of a man going over a lost game of chess. "I paid no attention to her. Then she let out a yell right above me, and when I looked around I got a rock in the kisser."

"Why this way?" I asked. "You could have killed me last night."

"I didn't know it until later, when Candy showed me the paper. To hell with Paul," he growled. "This is my business. I'll settle it my own way."

"You didn't know what?"

"That you killed my father."

"I didn't kill him. Let's go inside and talk it over."

"I've got nothing to say to you, Clifford."

"Get along. I'll do the talking."

I kept Hiram ahead of me, not far enough that he could slam one of the cave doors in my face. In the big room, I motioned to a pipe-and-leather chair. He sat down. "Can I have a drink?"

Instead of handing it to him, I put it on a coffee table so he had a long reach for it. "Hiram, I'm not going to give you a song and dance. All I've got to do is shoot you. If I killed your father, I'd be a fool to let you live."

"Talk, talk, talk, talk. Go ahead. Beat your gums."

Lila came in with Scootie. I said, "Tell Hiram what happened between you and his father."

Lila told about coming into Lovelock with me and registering at the motel, about him coming to her apartment in Reno. I took over the story and told of him meeting me on Highway 40, how he got me through the road block, disappeared at Emmett's, and konked me at Lila's apartment; and then of finding him dead.

Hiram had watched us steadily. "Why should I believe that?"

"He was involved because of you," I said. "He

reading time 35 minutes

thought I'd sent you up in a bomber not fit to fly. When I told him my brother Gene was on the plane, it shook him. He knew he'd been a tool. He realized he was being used by some cheap crooks. So they killed him."

"I'm glad he never knew you were one of the crooks using him," Lila said softly.

Hiram put his face in his hands. "I've been a fool."

I glanced at Lila. She nodded and took Scootie into the kitchen, leaving Hiram and me to talk it over.

■ "Hiram, do you still owe them loyalty?"

"I've been a fool," he muttered. "Poor dad."

"This is Yancy Reed's secret hide-out?"

He nodded. "It was passed down in Paul's family."

"You intend spending your lives here?"

"We're leaving after this job. As soon as we get Roberts out here. We'll leave you and Lila and Roberts here to fight it out, tied to the water and watching the food go down. It seemed a good idea to get back at you. It seemed a wonderful idea for what you made us go through. Now I don't know."

"Why fix the place up for us?"

"Oh, we'll be back later. Paul knows a plastic surgeon, and with the money from this job we'll get fixed up. But it won't last forever, and this is a good hide-out for planning another job."

I said, "What have you done for money all this while?"

"Paul's mother had his insurance. Ten thousand."

"That wouldn't be enough. Oh, of course—your money."

"*My* money?"

"Of course. The four thousand pounds in your foot locker. You'd given Comet a key. I was there when the lock was forced, to send your personal stuff home. The money was gone."

"Why, sure," Hiram said musingly. "Why wouldn't Paul do that? Why wouldn't he bring us here and keep us holed up? Why wouldn't he want to get you and Roberts and Lila here? Look at it from his eyes, it's plain as day. He's a rich man! He's not after peanuts. He's after millions!" he yelled. "Millions! Millions!"

"What do you mean?"

"I need a drink." Hiram went to the bar. Lila had come out of the kitchen as he began to shout. I knew that Hiram had seen the elusive answer that had crept just beyond my reach.

"Cliff!" Lila cried. "Watch him!"

Hiram had broken into a run toward the rear of the big room.

"Take it easy," I called. "You're not going anywhere."

There was no possible hiding place. The ceiling fell smoothly to meet the pool. Hiram ran to the pool and dived in.

"He'll cool off."

We went to the pool. The bottom sloped gently for a bit and then fell off into a black hole. I waited for Hiram to come up. As one minute stretched into another and another, I knew he wouldn't.

Lila drew a shaky breath. "He's caught in the rocks. It was too much for him. He's responsible for his father's death."

"No, he got away."

"Away? What do you mean?"

"That pool is old Yancy Reed's secret. There's an underwater channel leading to the other part of the cave. I should have guessed it when I saw the exhaust pipes going through that crack off the bathroom."

"But he's on our side now, isn't he?"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

I shrugged. "Maybe it was an act." I walked out of the cave and sat in the sunlight atop the dump. If Hiram had really had a change of heart, he and I might have done things together.

I don't know just how long I'd been sitting there when I saw the man below. There was a movement in the brush of the ravine beyond the flat, then the man came in view scrambling up the last steep pitch. He paused on the edge of the flat, breathing hard. He saw me atop the mine dump and flung up his hands.

"I'm unarmed!"

I recognized the stubby figure as ex-Colonel Bloody Roberts.

"Well," he called, "tell me what to do!"

"Daddy!" Scootie ran out of the tunnel. "Daddy! Daddy!"

Roberts didn't have to be told what to do. He lumbered across the flat and up through the brush like a human tank. I went inside while he greeted his child.

He came in presently, carrying Scootie. Scootie was getting the cellophane off a candy cane, and her father was watching her as if there never had been anything so marvelous as a kid getting the cellophane off a candy cane. "She's all right," he said softly. "She isn't harmed. She's all right."

I said, "No thanks to you."

Lila brought him a pitcher of water and a glass. Roberts gulped three glasses thirstily. He jiggled Scootie on his knee and the child squealed with delight. I felt resentful that the kid paid no more attention to me.

"Well," Roberts said, "I guess I'd better start back."

"You think it's that simple?"

His face froze. "Wait a minute. I did my part."

"How did you get here?"

"I followed directions. The police discovered that I was in Reno last night, at the hotel, under an assumed name, but I waited for orders and obeyed them when they came."

"What orders?"

"The orders folded in the newspaper this morning. I went into the hotel washroom, out the window to the car waiting there, and Mr. Skousen drove me to the foot of the ravine below here."

"Skousen, eh? That was Emmett."

"Whoever he is, he's waiting with the car to take me back."

I shook my head. "It's not as simple as that."

"Just a minute! I've done everything exactly as you—"

"Now let me tell you a story," I said. And I told him what had happened to me and Lila. "You were brought here," I concluded, "for the same reason we were."

Roberts' cheeks flushed and his neck went purple.

"Food's on," Lila called from the kitchen door, just in time to prevent an explosion. "Want another cup of coffee, Cliff?"

Then she screamed, staring at the back of the cave.

■ A face showed on the black surface of the pool. It was Hiram's, the beard fanned out soft and silky in the water. I drew the body onto the bank. The head rolled loosely on a broken neck. Lila began crying, with that infinite compassion of a woman.

"We're not as alone as we thought we were," I said. "Somebody's in the cave beyond. Hiram knew too much. He'd seen through it. Damn it, why can't I? This whole deal is phony. I can feel it. It's too elaborate. Hiram saw it. I remember he said—"

"All right!" Roberts bawled. "Now *I'll* take over!"

He was spread-legged, grim and triumphant, holding Hiram's rifle. "You two are coming with me! The car's waiting below. Skousen isn't working for you any more. I bought him off!"

Lila said, "Cliff, didn't you explain it to him?"

"That poppycock?" Roberts jeered. "Give me credit for common sense. I've waited my chance. Now I'm taking you to the police!"

Lila tried to argue, but I knew from past experience it was a waste of breath. Nobody ever won an argument with Roberts.

We were halfway down when the plane came overhead. We heard the motor cut off after the landing.

The gulch opened at the mouth, and I was surprised to see Emmett's Dodge parked near the cliffs of the right-hand wall.

"So he wouldn't be here, huh?" Roberts jeered. "Money talks!"

But while the car was there, Emmett wasn't. A note was on the front seat:

"There is no gas in the car. When you get thirsty, there is nice cool water at the cave."

The steam went out of Roberts. The masterful manner oozed away and he became just a pudgy little man, hot and thirsty.

"Playing with us," he muttered. "Just playing with us."

"Wait," Lila said. "This note means Emmett's at the cave."

"Yes, they all are," I said. "We saw the plane come in."

"He wouldn't drain his gasoline on the ground," she pointed out. "And he wouldn't carry it far."

"Honey," I said, "you've got a head on those shoulders."

We scouted among the brush and loose rock at the base of the cliffs. Lila called, and I ran to find she had uncovered two jeep cans not a hundred yards away.

"Good," Roberts said. Again the rifle was leveled. "Pour it in the tank, and no funny business."

When that was done, he said, "Now go over by the cliff. Hurry!"

"But aren't we going with you?" Lila asked.

"I'm having no more of your tricks," Roberts said craftily. "I've got my baby, and the rest is a matter for the police."

■ We watched the car bump along the widening mouth of the gulch and disappear around the shoulder of the mountain into the valley.

"From the frying pan into the fire," Lila said tonelessly. "When they find out Roberts has gone for the police, they'll be desperate." She slumped onto a rock. "What will happen to us? Cliff, I don't know. All this can't be true. It can't happen. A fellow I don't even know asks me to elope with him. In London. At Christmastime, 1944. And because of that—"

"Are you sure," I broke in, "Paul Reed wanted you to elope at Christmastime?"

"Of course. But what difference does it make?"

"He claims he went A.W.O.L. because you turned him down. But he'd already been A.W.O.L. a month, and better, before Christmas."

"Cliff, why try to make sense out of a warped mind?"

"The point," I said, "is that Paul's mind is *not* warped. I see it now. The whole thing. I know what Hiram meant when he said it was all clear, *once you looked at it from Paul's viewpoint.*"

"So what?" she said wearily. "We're as bad off one way as the other."

"Maybe not. This is my dish. I'm a salesman."

"Cliff, what are you talking about?"

"Paul Reed is a millionaire. That explains the whole deal. Look, you stay here, and when the police arrive, guide them to the cave," I said rapidly, not giving her a chance to think. "I'll go up and stall them off until the cops get here." And with that I hurried up the trail.

I didn't know how long it would take Roberts to find a phone and for the cops to arrive. I had that much time to clear the case up. If apprehended, the gang certainly would take Lila and me to prison with them. We couldn't explain our way out.

But there was a chance, now that I knew the score. There was just a chance I could come out on top. If I could sell a bill of goods.

When I had climbed to the flat, it was almost noon. My lips were dry and my tongue thick. I'd had the idea to disable the plane, but Emmett was sitting in the shade of a wing, waiting. He arose, stretched, gave a hitch to a cartridge belt on which was slung a Peacemaker. "Nice little hike, pardner?"

"It's enough. And am I dry!"

"Where are the others?"

"Coming."

"If you couldn't help with the baby, you stay dry."

He walked behind me up the steep trail beside the mine dump. I asked, "Didn't that neighbor woman identify you?"

"Her?" Emmett chuckled. "When I went there with the cop, she said she'd never seen me before in her life. Y'know, I wouldn't be surprised if somebody hadn't of made a Christian out of that woman. Somebody might of told her how terrible it would be if her kids got acid in the face and her house burned down."

We went into the cave. Paul Reed, Al Farley, and Candy Sweet were lounging in chairs. Paul's clothes were damp; he, then, had been the one in the other part of the cave. The men were drinking.

"Clifford's dry," Emmett said. "So all-fired dry he couldn't even wait to help with the baby. It won't hurt him to wait."

■ Farley arose, gliding toward me. He flung his drink in my face. "That will wet your lips." Then he took my wrist and flung me to the floor. "That was for Hiram." He whipped my arm across his back, gave a twist, and threw me into the air. My left knee struck the stone floor, and I was sick. "And that's for Hiram." He lifted me overhead and threw me. "And that's for Hiram."

Candy crossed to me and began kicking. I covered my head with my arms. "And this is for Hiram," he said. "A swell guy. The sweetest guy who ever drew breath. The only one of us worth a damn. And you busted his neck. . . . Put that gun down, Emmett."

"Get away from him," Emmett said, motioning with the gun. "I thought as much of Hiram as anybody did, but you don't have to stomp a man to death. Get out of the way. I'll finish him."

"Thanks, Emmett," I said. "Finish me quick, the way you did Silvers and Comet."

"Poor devil. Out of his head," Emmett said. "Move aside, Candy. I can't bear to see him suffer."

"Well, hello, Roberts!" Farley exclaimed. Emmett looked toward the door, and with casual agility Farley caught his wrist. Emmett cried out and seemed to fling himself to the floor. Farley put the Peacemaker in his waistband.

"There's no call for that," Emmett said, getting up.

"Why didn't you leave him alone?" I said. "I want it the quick way. The way Paul gave it to Hiram."

"I'll get you some water," Farley said. He reached for a glass on the table. His hand went smoothly past it in a snakelike motion and grasped Paul Reed's wrist. Paul's hand jerked from his pocket, flinging a snubnosed revolver into the air. Farley caught it, took the glass and went to the pool.

"Here's what I get," Paul said, "after all I done for you guys. You'd be stuck in Europe if it wasn't for me. Peasants in wooden shoes inside of ten years. And this is what I get for it."

"Clifford said something *(Continued on page 48)*

Liberty Pastime

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SID LATHAM

How to buy a Gun

by Lucian Cary

One of the country's leading authorities tells neophytes and experts alike what to look for in a hunting piece

■ There are few sports that give a man a deeper satisfaction than dropping a strong flying bird out of the air with a shotgun. And there are few that give a man a greater thrill than the one that comes when a game bird gets up close by and takes off with a furious beat of wings. You have a second or less in which to get your gun on the mark, swing past, and pull the trigger.

Perhaps no bird is more startling than a ruffed grouse when he decides it's time to get out of there. He doesn't actually make as much noise as an airplane on the take-off, but in the quiet of the woods he seems to. The bobwhite quail is easier to shoot because he's usually found in open fields. But a covey of quail bursting unexpectedly out of the stubble can make a man jump and—shoot too fast.

That's one reason a good dog is so helpful. The dog

HOW TO BUY A GUN

Continued

warns you by coming to a point when he gets the scent. You know beforehand that the bird or the covey is going to fly and you have a moment in which to get set.

Even so, you need the right kind of gun with the right load. Now that American makers are beginning to catch up with the demand that piled so high during the war years, there is a confusing variety of guns to choose from. The choice depends on the type of gun you fancy, on how much money you want to spend, and on what kind of game you expect to hunt.

The double-barreled shotgun, with the two barrels side by side, was developed 150 years ago, in the days of the muzzle-loading flintlock. The modern double-barreled gun is breech loading, it's hammerless, it shoots smokeless powder, but its lines are pretty much the same. At its best it is on the expensive side and always was. There are a number of low-priced double-barreled guns on the market. Stevens makes three kinds at prices varying from $50 to $60, and Winchester makes one that sells for about $65. Marlin makes a double-barreled gun with one barrel over the other that sells for $75. But the lowest-priced L. C. Smith gun costs $96. The lowest-priced Ithaca double costs about $140. Winchester's best double gun, Model 21, sells from $227.50 up.

What makes the difference? The difference—quite aside from decoration in the form of engraving and stocks of fine imported walnut, which come as extras and may add $1,000 or more to the prices mentioned—is in the fitting and the finish both inside and out. Low-priced guns use poorer wood for the stock, less well fitted to the metal parts. They are stiffer in action and the trigger pulls are likely to be heavy and rough because the interior parts have not been hand fitted and polished by a highly skilled mechanic. Low-priced guns are not so satisfactory to own, but as made in the United States they are safe and they usually shoot just as well as a high-priced gun.

I still prefer a double-barreled shotgun, perhaps because that's the kind I knew best as a boy. But I admit you get more gun for your money in that typical American kind—a repeating shotgun. A good repeating shotgun is cheaper than a good double gun because it has only one barrel instead of two, one firing mechanism, one ejector, and because it is better suited to mass production. Repeating shotguns, without extras of any kind, usually cost from $65 to $85. They are made by four companies—Remington, Stevens, Winchester, and Ithaca.

Another type of gun, closely related to the repeating shotgun, is the autoloader. This is sometimes called semi-automatic. The point is that the action of the gun uses the recoil of one shot to reload the gun for the next shot as long as there is a fresh shell in the magazine. The federal law limits autoloading and repeating shotguns to three shells when hunting migratory birds such as ducks and geese. Browning, Remington, and Stevens all make autoloading shotguns that sell from $90 to $125.

The choice between a double-barreled gun, a repeating gun, and an autoloading gun is one of personal taste. The double gun has been more popular in the past, but the repeating and autoloading guns seem to be superseding it in this country.

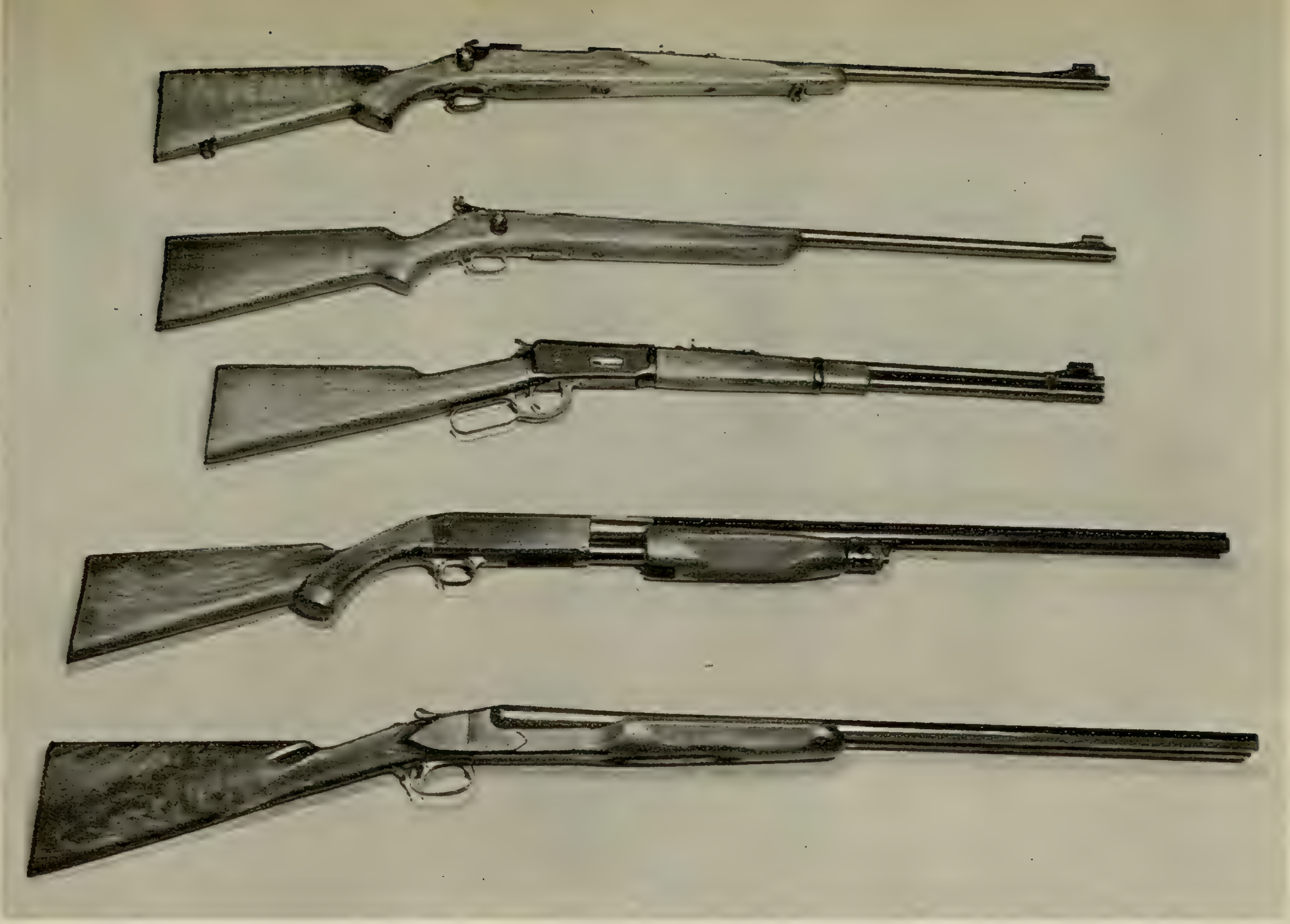
The gunmakers offer you two other choices which are less a matter of personal taste than of knowing what you're doing. One is the choice of gauge, and the other the choice of a full choke, a modified choke, or an improved cylinder. Too many men, hearing that a full-choke gun will kill at longer ranges, choose the full choke when it is not what will serve them best.

Consider the facts: In the beginning all shotguns were bored so they were as nearly a straight cylinder as possible. When the shot came out of the barrel they were almost a solid mass. They began immediately to spread, and by the time they had gone 30 yards they scattered all over a four-foot circle. By the time they got out to 40 yards the shot had spread so thinly that a bird was seldom hit with enough shot to bring it down.

This wide spreading of the shot has been controlled by reducing the interior diameter of the barrel near the muzzle. This reduction is called the choke. Properly choking a shotgun

BE SURE YOUR GUN FITS

In buying a gun, either new or used, it pays to deal at a reliable store. Stores like New York's Abercrombie & Fitch employ trained salesmen who are expert marksmen in their own right. It is best to get advice on the type of gun or rifle for your own needs.



Some of the most popular types of guns and rifles are shown here. Top to bottom: Model 70 Winchester rifle, effective against any big game in North America, comes in nine calibers from the .22 Hornet to the .375 Holland & Holland Magnum. This model costs about $117. Model 69 is a typical light-weight bolt action .22 rifle suitable for target or small game shooting. Cartridges for it are interchangeable from .22 short, .22 long, and .22-long rifle. Its price range is from $14 to over $100. Model 94 is America's famous deer rifle that comes in calibers .25-.35 Winchester, .30 Winchester, and .32 Winchester Special. All cartridge loads are designed to bring down a deer at a maximum of 200 yards. The price is $59 up. The Model 37 Ithaca 12-gauge skeet gun is good for bird and short-range upland shooting. Costs $160. Winchester's Model 21 is a double-barreled shotgun, sells for $227.50 up.

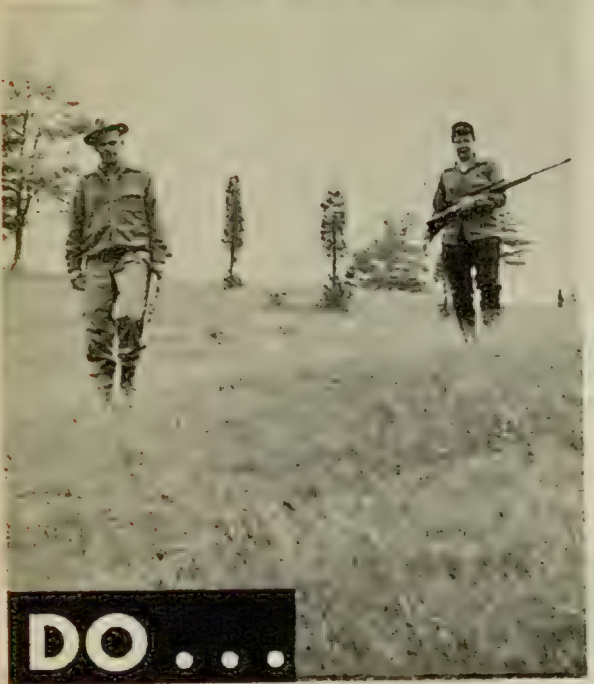
Be sure the gun you buy is a "good fit." The man below is eing told that the stock of the gun is too long for him. The tock should fit comfortably to achieve the best results.

o assure a perfect fit most well-equipped stores have a try-n gun. Here a salesman adjusts the stock of such a gun for ngth. Weight is also important in the purchase of a gun.

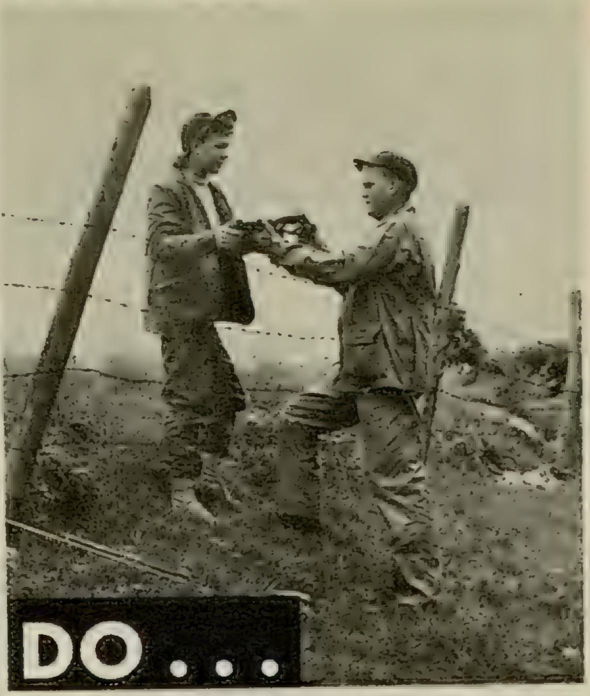
This gun fits well. Note the stock is properly placed against the shoulder and is fitting snugly against the cheek. Never try to fit yourself to the gun. Get a gun that will fit you.

While the beginner can be guided by an experienced gun salesman, he should always try the obvious things for himself. He should try the action (above) to see that it works smoothly.

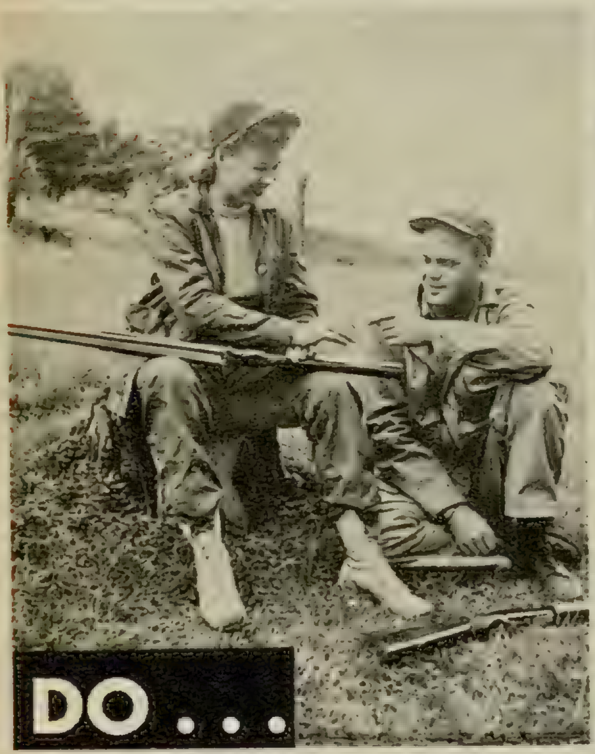
TO PLAY SAFE AND LIVE



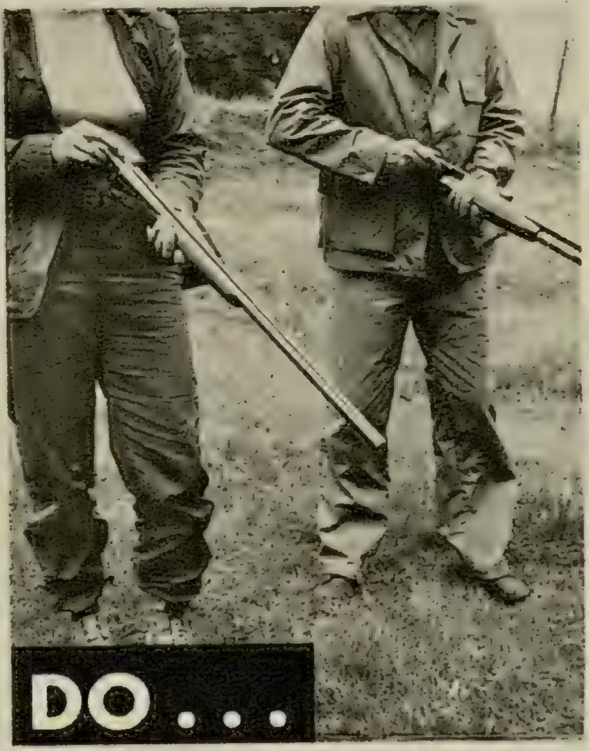
. . . carry your gun in either position as shown above. Point it away from other hunters when crossing a field.



. . . handle weapons properly crossing a fence with a companion. One crosses first and has both guns handed over.

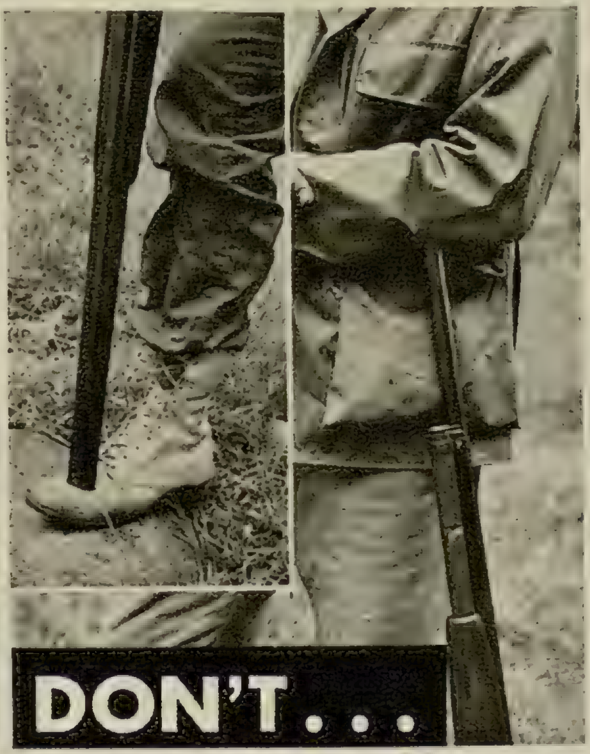


. . . take time out for a smoke, but do it properly. The good hunter keeps his gun open and pointed away from others.



. . . practice care when stopping to load a gun. Here we see the correct way. The barrel is pointed at the ground.

. . . remember this before calling it a day: Check and double-check to be sure gun is unloaded when put in car.



. . . let your thoughts wander so that you carelessly try these stunts. A wise and satisfied hunter is always alert.

HOW TO BUY A GUN

Continued

took a bit of doing at first because too much choke made the shot scatter worse than a cylinder bore. What is now called a full choke—and it's only a few hundredths of an inch—will hold the shot together so 70 per cent of the pellets will go inside a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. This means you can kill ducks with some certainty at 40 yards and, if you're a good enough shot, at 50 yards.

But suppose you aren't trying to kill ducks at 40 or 50 yards. On the contrary, you are shooting quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, doves, or rabbits at a much shorter distance. (The average is seldom much more than 20 yards.) At that range your full-choked gun puts nearly all the shot in a 20-inch circle. If you don't aim just right, you don't hit the bird. If you do aim just right, the bird may well be so full of shot that all you find is a bunch of bloody feathers.

What you need is an improved cylinder bore—meaning a cylinder with just a trifle of choke. This will spread the shot as widely over a 30-inch circle at 20 yards as the full-choke gun does at 40 yards.

■ Double-barreled guns are usually made with one barrel choked more than the other. One barrel is full choke and the other a modified choke; or one barrel has a modified choke and the other an improved cylinder. If you are going to shoot ducks or geese at long range, you need a full choke. For most game you do not want a full choke. Most of the time you don't even need the modified choke, which is roughly halfway between a full choke and an improved cylinder. A double gun with one barrel modified and the other improved cylinder makes the nearest to an all-round shotgun.

Repeating and autoloading guns have only one barrel and consequently only one choke. But there are a number of gadgets on the market that can be fitted to a single barrel and give a variety of chokes. The Weaver, the Poly Choke, the Cutts Compensator, and the Power-Pac are all examples.

As for gauge, the 12 is the most popular the world over. It will handle more shot than the smaller gauges. This doesn't matter much at the shorter ranges. A 16 or a 20 will handle enough shot for quail or ruffed grouse or woodcock, and there is a growing tendency to use them for almost anything except long-range duck shooting. A few men go hunting with a 28 gauge or a .410, and the small gauges are often recommended for women.

Whatever type and choke and gauge you choose, there are two things every owner of a gun must remember until it becomes an ingrained habit. One is always to treat the gun as if it were loaded, which means you handle it so the muzzle is never pointed at yourself or any other human being. The other is never aim at anything you don't intend to shoot. ■■

Liberty
SHANANAGRAMS
by Ted Shane

1	2	3		4	5	■
6			■	7		8
9			■	10		
11			12			
13					■	
14				■	15	
16			■	17		
18		■	19			
	■	20				
21	22					
23			■	24		
25			■	26		
■	27					

ACROSS

1 S¢s
6 Kind of fellow, well met
7 Lil is on the sick list
9 Era drawkcab
10 It is 2 2
11 Al's gone to town in Arizona (Aridzona?)—
13 —and what did he do on Winged Express diner?
14 What's the square root of 81?
15 Russian slave (abbr.)
16 Nat, the underworld operator
17 Kind of ball generally associated with eight ball
18 Herman Talmadgeland (abbr.)
19 Rhea goes to the dogs
20 Minks from here are said to stinsk
21 The toper's last resort (two words)
23 Take it on the ram
24 Dishpuss, nap!
25 Political ins do evil, say outs
26 That's all there is, Ned!
27 How the poor dauber gets his easels

DOWN

1 They may harass, man, and nag, but aren't they brilliant!
2 Rain and coal are found in Suthn state
3 Neat leg is snazzy
4 Let it be a lordly label
5 Ole's not a speedball
8 Stews nod, then keel over (hic!) into calendar losses (two words)
12 Stashed in the tea and
15 Salad haters spurn lea herbage
17 Scan the cocktail handmeouts, Ape!
19 The guy she loves
20 Marines reman a French stream
22 Hard end of a common pointer

G	R	A	B	B	E	D
R	E	M	O	R	S	E
O	V	E	R	A	C	T
V	E	■	■	C	O	E
E	R	A	■	E	R	R
L	E	T	■	L	T	S
■	■	O	P	E	■	■
R	A	M	■	T	U	H
A	L	I	■	S	P	A
C	I	S	■	■	S	R
I	N	E	R	T	I	A
N	E	R	E	I	D	S
E	S	S	E	N	E	S

December Answer

FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

Say it much better...

Our Deepest Sympathy

• Upon the death of a friend or dear one, it is a very natural impulse to wish to convey heartfelt sympathy. At such a time, Flowers by Wire can often express your sympathy *more simply* and *more beautifully* than words.

• Should you wish to order Flowers by Wire, see your local F.T.D. florist or choose one from the telephone directory yellow pages. They all officially display the Winged Mercury emblem on their shop windows...and this means *satisfaction is guaranteed.* You are assured that lovely fresh flowers plus your personal message of sympathy will be delivered *anywhere* in the world... in a few hours!

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149 Michigan Avenue, Detroit 26, Michigan

Liberty RECORDS

Current Releases

by Roy Rogers

■ Along about now we are all thinking about Santa Claus and what we are giving everyone for Christmas. Well, there are lots of new records which will make real nice presents and some that you'll want for yourself. For instance, **My Darling, My Darling,** a new ballad with pretty singing by Jo Stafford and Gordon MacRae with the Starlighters and orchestra. The other side is a very cute new song called **Girls Were Made to Take Care of Boys.** (Capitol 15270; list price, 75 cents.)

Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and Glee Club have a mighty fine record of **White Christmas** and **Twelve Days of Christmas.** (Decca 24500; list price, 75 cents.) And then there's the **Merry Christmas Album** by none other than Bing Crosby, with Bing singing several of the old popular holiday songs. (Decca A-550; list price, $3.75.)

Pee Wee King and his Golden West Cowboys take you on a musical trip from New York to New Orleans, with Gene Stewart singing the words. Gene also sings on **Say Good Mornin', Nellie,** a lively Western serenade. (Victor 20-3106; list price, 75 cents.)

My pals, the Sons of the Pioneers, help me out on our album of **Pecos Bill,** which is from Walt Disney's movie, Melody Time. In this album we sing and tell all about Bill, who was a famous sagebrush hero. (Victor Y-375; list price, $3.50.)

Bugs Bunny and the Tortoise is a right good kiddie set rendered by Mel Blanc, who is Bugs Bunny's voice in the movies. And with this album there's a nice colored picture book. (Capitol DBX93; list price, $3.50.)

Last year Gene Autry made a record of **Here Comes Santa Claus** (Down Santa Claus Lane) and **An Old-Fashioned Tree,** and this year it's coming out again. (Columbia 20377; list price, 75 cents.)

If you like recitations, there are two mighty nice ones by Franklyn MacCormack, **I Like Christmas,** and **My New Year's Wish for You,** with a pretty orchestra background. It's all fixed in a gift folder ready to mail. (M-G-M 50009; list price, $1.50.)

I'm kind of pleased with my new record of **Dusty** and **The Kid with the Rip in His Pants** because my wife, Dale Evans, and I wrote the Dusty piece and it's dedicated to my little boy. I hope you like it too. (Victor 20-3154; list price, 75 cents.) ■■

I could have answered that!

by Lew Valentine, Radio's Dr. I. Q.

Here are the twenty questions audiences at the Dr. I. Q. show could never answer. This is your chance to prove that you're smarter than the radio quiz contestants

1. How can a baseball game end in a one-to-one tie without a man having reached first base?

2. When a singer gives a concert with piano accompaniment, there are frequently three people on the stage. One person sings, another plays the piano. What does the third person do?

3. If you were living in France, where the metric system is used, your height would be measured in meters and centimeters. However, since you live in the United States, your height is measured in feet and inches. What is the name for this system of measurement?

4. This question will test your powers of observation. When you buy a dozen eggs from the grocery store, are the eggs packed in the box with the large or the small end of the eggs pointing up?

5. If you had five apples in a sack and wanted to give one apple to each of five children, how could you do it and have one apple remain in the sack?

6. If the removal of a growth from the abdomen is called an appendectomy, and the removal of tonsils from the throat is called a tonsillectomy, what would you call the removal of a growth from the head?

7. What episode in early American history could be described with this kind of newspaper headline: Native Princess Saves Life of Invader but Jilts for Other Man?

8. Here is a simple problem in logical arithmetic: An owner of a pet shop in checking his pets found that he had all dogs but two, all cats but two, and all parrots but two. How many pets did he have?

9. When a G-man reports to his *top* boss, he sees J. Edgar Hoover. When J. Edgar Hoover reports to his boss, whom does he see?

10. My dairy herd consisted of a Swiss Toggenburg, a Jersey, and a Guernsey. A thief stole my Swiss Toggenburg one night, but still didn't get any of my cows. What did the thief get?

11. One way to tell whether paper money is real or counterfeit is to look for the tiny colored threads found in genuine greenbacks. What two colors are used for the threads?

12. Moisture falls from the clouds in either liquid or solid form as rain, snow, hail, or sleet. What is the term used by weather bureaus to embrace any and all of these forms of falling moisture?

13. If you can recall the rhyme that starts "Thirty days hath September," you can tell me how many months of the year have twenty-eight days.

14. If you were putting a new roof on your house, would you put the last row of shingles at the ridgepole of the house or at the eaves?

15. A Martian is supposed to be an inhabitant of the planet Mars. Of what planet would an inhabitant be known as a Tellurian?

16. Here is a familiar proverb that I have disguised with words other than those ordinarily used. To what proverb am I referring when I say: "In circumstances that longings were solid-hoofed herbivorous animals, indigent petitioners might be supported in motion"?

17. A man is adrift in a lifeboat. He has only 16 cigarettes. By carefully conserving the tobacco, he discovers that he can make one cigarette from four of the butts. Since he has plenty of matches and a little extra paper—how many cigarettes can he make after he has smoked the original 16?

18. At one time in our history it was a well-known fact that a Presidential Cabinet member was accustomed to wearing women's clothes when appearing in public. Can you name that Cabinet member?

19. Suppose you are drying dishes and you drop a plate that shatters. Although the noise made by the plate that falls and shatters lasts only a fraction of a second, it is perceptibly higher in pitch toward the end of the crash. Can you tell me why?

20. The *ides* of March come in the middle of March. How many other months have *ides?*

(Answers will be found on page 58)

[Dr. I. Q.'s quiz show is heard over the NBC network every Monday night at 9:30 EST.]

Liberty

LIBERTY PICKS THE PICTURES

by Elizabeth Wilson

Killer (Richard Basehart) tries to keep cops off.

HE WALKED BY NIGHT

■ Eagle-Lion again proves that a good picture can be made without a high budget and famous stars. Their latest is a thrilling documentary called He Walked by Night. Based on a case in the files of the Los Angeles police, it tells of an elusive killer who, in cold blood, fatally shot a highway patrol officer, and then disappeared into the night. The film realistically describes the incredible lengths to which the investigators went in their tireless hunt for the killer, and his final capture (in the underground drains of Los Angeles) through brilliantly executed police work. The fast, well-paced plot emphasizes action, not dialogue. Richard Basehart, well known on Broadway, but little known in Hollywood, gives a splendid performance as the killer. The scene where he operates on himself will give you a case of the creeps. No love story clutters up the action. It's a documentary at its exciting best. Few films have ever offered their audiences more suspense in a man hunt.

JUNE BRIDE

■ Can you imagine Bette Davis without a single neurosis? Don't stew about it. Just rush out and see June Bride wherein the tragedy queen of the Warner lot wipes away the tears, gets herself done up in the new look, and has a high time of it. It's the first time she has played in a comedy in eight years, and it is one of the best performances she has ever given. Sharing in the fun is Robert Montgomery, who relaxes in the delightful manner of his early comedies. He even cuddles up with a pig and takes a header into a snowdrift. Bette plays a New York magazine editor and Bob is her assistant. They set out to do a story on a typical American family—the Brinkers, who live in a small town in Indiana. What follows is pure unadulterated fun. Standout performances are given by Fay Bainter, Mary Wickes, George O'Hanlon, Marjorie Bennett, Tom Tully, Betty Lynn and Barbara Bates. Bretaigne Windust directed. He directed Arsenic and Old Lace when it was playing on Broadway.

Robert Montgomery gets orders from Bette Davis.

Painless Potter (Bob Hope) has hero worshipers.

PALEFACE

■ Paleface, Bob Hope's twenty-fifth picture (his first: Paramount's The Big Broadcast of 1938), is a Technicolor travesty on the Wild West which will throw you for a merry whirl of laughter. Bob playing Painless Peter Potter, a traveling correspondence-school dentist, is chased out of the town of Fort Deerfield when he gives Jane Russell the once-over twice, and inhales laughing gas intended for a tough patient. Jane plays Calamity Jane, a two-gun gal who is working for Uncle Sam in an effort to wipe out a gang of renegades smuggling guns to the Indians. Jane marries Bob, figuring he will make nice paleface bait to bring the bad men out of hiding. She is quite at home in her trigger-happy role, for Gary Cooper taught her the fine points of his rapid cross-draw method of gun slinging. As Painless Peter Potter, Hope is in rare form. High spot of the film is when he sings Buttons and Bows to Jane as they bounce along in a covered wagon. As you can see. Paleface is all for fun.

Famous Holiday Recipes for finer Hospitality

HOT TODDY

1½ ozs. Old Overholt or Old Grand-Dad Whiskey, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water in heavy mug or cup.

Add whiskey, fill up cup with boiling water. Stir and serve at once.

ALEXANDER

½ Gilbey's Gin; ¼ De Kuyper Creme de Cacao; ¼ sweet cream.

Shake vigorously with ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

RUM PUNCH (HOT)

(16 to 20 servings)

1 pint Merito Rum (Gold Label); 1 pint Lejon Brandy; ½ pint Italian Swiss Colony California Sherry; 3 lemons—grated rind and juice (about 3 ounces); ¼ cup granulated sugar; 1 teaspoon ground ginger; 1 quart boiling water.

Grate rind of lemons, add sugar, macerate with muddler. Add juice and ginger. Pour into large warmed earthenware bowl. Add liquors in order given, stir well and add boiling water. Add more sugar if necessary. Stand in pan of hot water for 20 minutes. Serve in punch glasses with dusting of nutmeg.

HOT BUTTERED RUM

1 lump sugar; boiling water; 1 pat butter; Merito Rum; nutmeg. Splash 2 dashes of Aromatic Bitters into an old fashioned glass. Add 2 jiggers Merito Rum (Gold Label). Place a teaspoonful of butter in the Rum (leave spoon in glass). Pour in piping hot water. Sprinkle a few cloves on top. Stir and allow to steep for a few minutes. Inhale freely, sip cautiously.

MIKE'S PUNCH

1 fifth PM or Mount Vernon Whiskey
1 to 2 large bottles White Rock Sparkling Water
4 ounces orange juice } strained through
4 ounces lemon juice } cheesecloth
4 ounces blackberry syrup
4 ounces powdered sugar
1 quart block of frozen raspberry sherbet

Mix juices, whiskey, syrup and sugar in punch bowl. Add a quart block of frozen raspberry sherbet. Add White Rock to taste. Decorate tall glasses, with thin slices of lemon, orange, maraschino cherries, sprigs of mint.

EGG-NOG

½ fifth Old Crow or Old Taylor Whiskey; ½ fifth Monnet Cognac; 1 pint milk; 1 pint heavy cream; ¼ cup sugar; pinch of salt; ½ dozen eggs, separated. (serves 10)

Beat egg yolks in large bowl until thick and lemon colored. Sift ¼ cup sugar. Add milk and cream. Stirring constantly, slowly add the liquor. Place a funnel in a large pitcher and pour the mixture in slowly. Cover and place in refrigerator for an hour or more. Just before serving beat the egg whites and salt to a stiff froth.

The mixture should be stiff enough to form peaks. As the beating continues slowly sift the ½ cup sugar into mixture. Turn out into egg-nog bowl, pour in the egg yolk mixture and stir well with ladle or spoon. Serve in egg-nog glasses. Sprinkle nutmeg over each glass.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

Lanson Champagne, Black Label; 1 lump sugar; Dash Aromatic Bitters; thin orange peel.

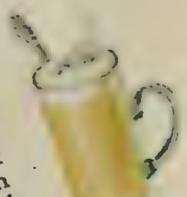
Place lump of sugar in each champagne goblet, add dash of aromatic bitters and fill glass to brim with champagne. Twist peel and drop in glass. Champagne must be chilled thoroughly before serving.

COUNTRY CLUB PUNCH

(For 8 people—2 servings)

1 fifth PM De Luxe or Mt. Vernon Whiskey; 1½ ozs. Grenadine; 3 tablespoons lemon juice; 1 cup fresh squeezed orange juice; 1 large bottle White Rock Sparkling Water; Few lemon, orange, pineapple slices for garnish.

Mix fruit juices and Grenadine in large bowl. Add Whiskey and let stand 20 minutes. Just before serving, pour over a large block of ice. Add White Rock slowly and serve at once. Add fruit to decorate.



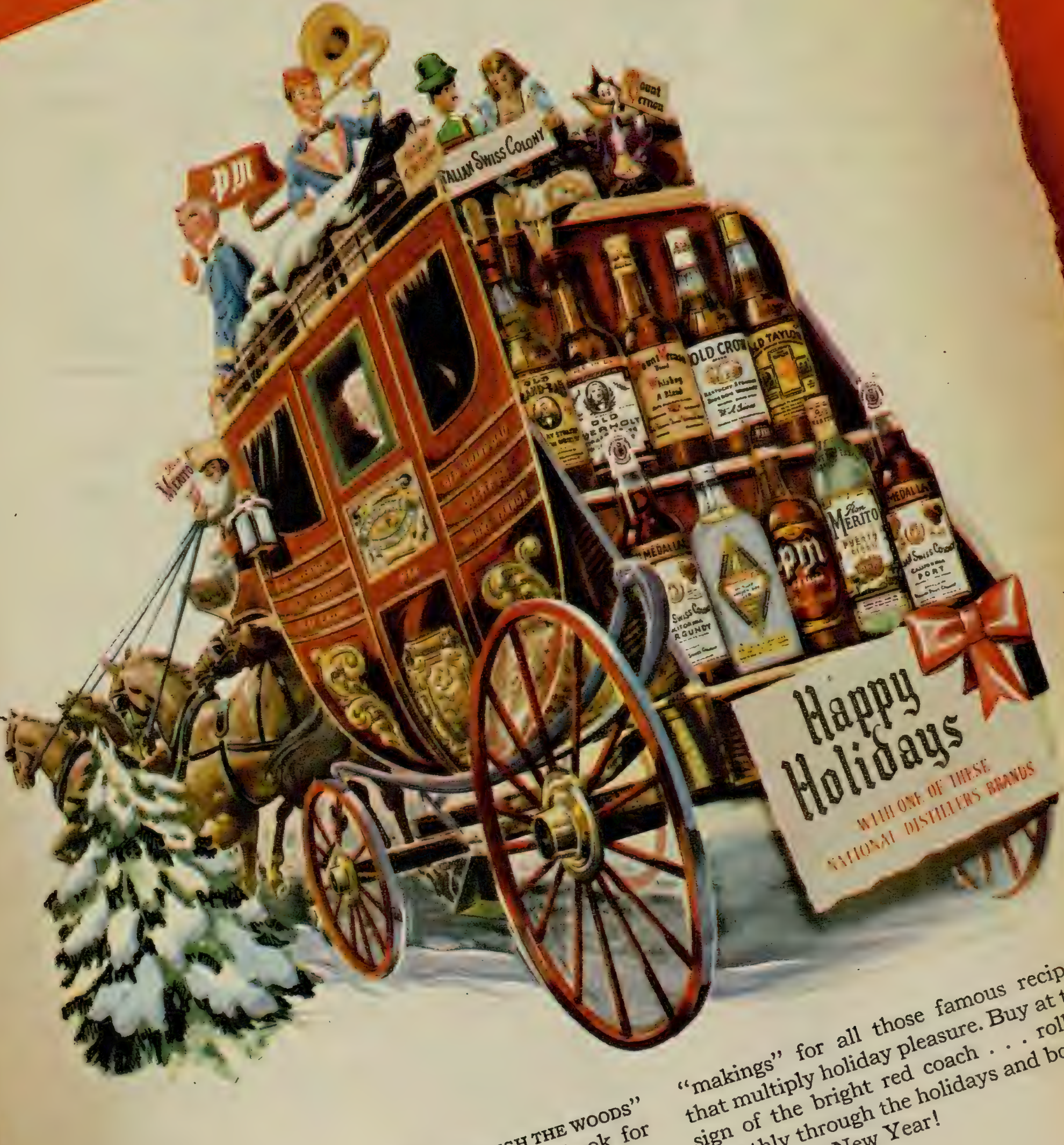
TOM AND JERRY (HOT)

(12 servings)

18 ounces Merito Rum (Gold Label); 9 ounces Monnet Cognac; 6 eggs, separated; 2 tablespoons powdered sugar; ½ teaspoon allspice.

Beat egg yolks until thick. Beat whites to stiff froth, sifting sugar in gradually, add spice and egg yolks, mixing thoroughly to a consistent texture. Divide mixture evenly into 12 Tom and Jerry mugs. Add ¼ ounce Brandy and 1½ ounces of Rum to each mug. Fill up mug with boiling water, stir well and dust lightly with nutmeg. (Scalded milk is sometimes used in place of water.)

FLAMING BRANDY PLUM PUDDING—delicious! For these and extra recipes of famous holiday drinks, ask your neighborhood liquor dealer, or write to National Distillers Products Corp., P. O. Box 166, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Please print name and address.

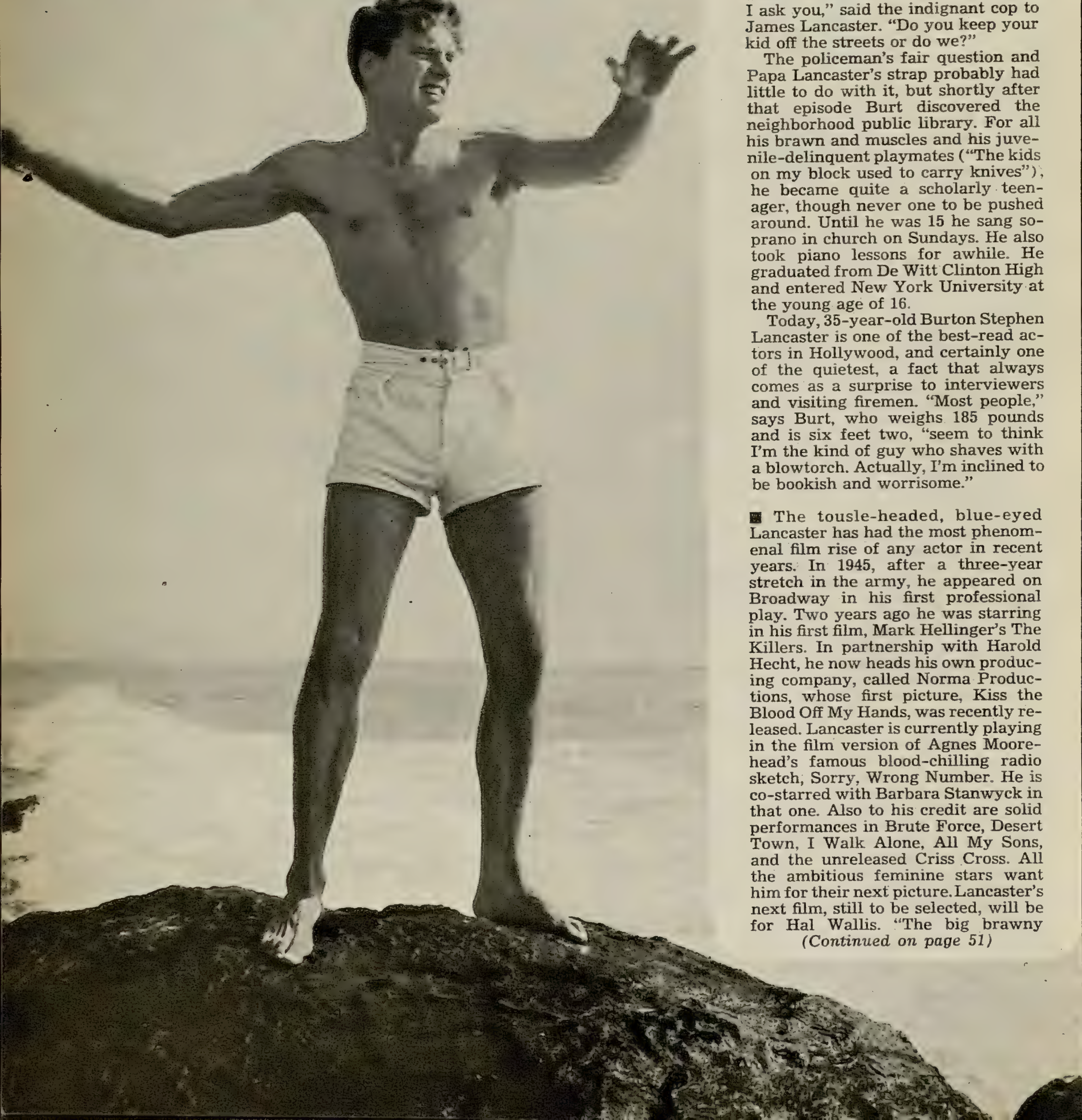

PM
Italian Swiss Colony
Mount Vernon
Old Crow
Old Taylor
Old Overholt
Merito
Medallas
Happy Holidays
WITH ONE OF THESE NATIONAL DISTILLERS BRANDS

"OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS"—to *everyone*'s house we go! Look for National Distillers' jolly coach in windows, on counters, in stores and bars . . . there's where you can find all the finest "makings" for all those famous recipes that multiply holiday pleasure. Buy at the sign of the bright red coach . . . rolling smoothly through the holidays and bound for a Happy New Year!

Old Overholt Straight Rye Whiskey Bottled in Bond. 100 Proof • Old Grand-Dad & Old Taylor Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskies Bottled in Bond. 100 Proof • Old Crow Kentucky Straight Whiskey (Bourbon or Rye) Bottled in Bond. 100 Proof • PM De Luxe Blended Whiskey 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits • Mount Vernon Brand Whiskey, a Blend 86 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits • Merito Rums 86 Proof • Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin 90 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • De Kuyper Creme De Cacao 60 Proof • Lejon Brandy Product of U. S. A. 84 Proof. Monnet Cognac 84 Proof. National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.

Big Guy

On the screen Burt Lancaster acts like a guy who shaves with a blowtorch. "Actually, I'm bookish and worrisome," he claims



by Elizabeth Wilson

reading time 6 minutes

■ The police first took an interest in the Burt Lancaster case more than 20 years ago when a copper dragged 12-year-old Burt home to his father by the scruff of his neck. Burt had had some trouble with a storekeeper near where the Lancasters lived on 106th Street, between Second and Third avenues, in Manhattan. Burt had responded to the policeman's overtures with a fusillade of beer bottles from a warehouse roof. "It's a fair question I ask you," said the indignant cop to James Lancaster. "Do you keep your kid off the streets or do we?"

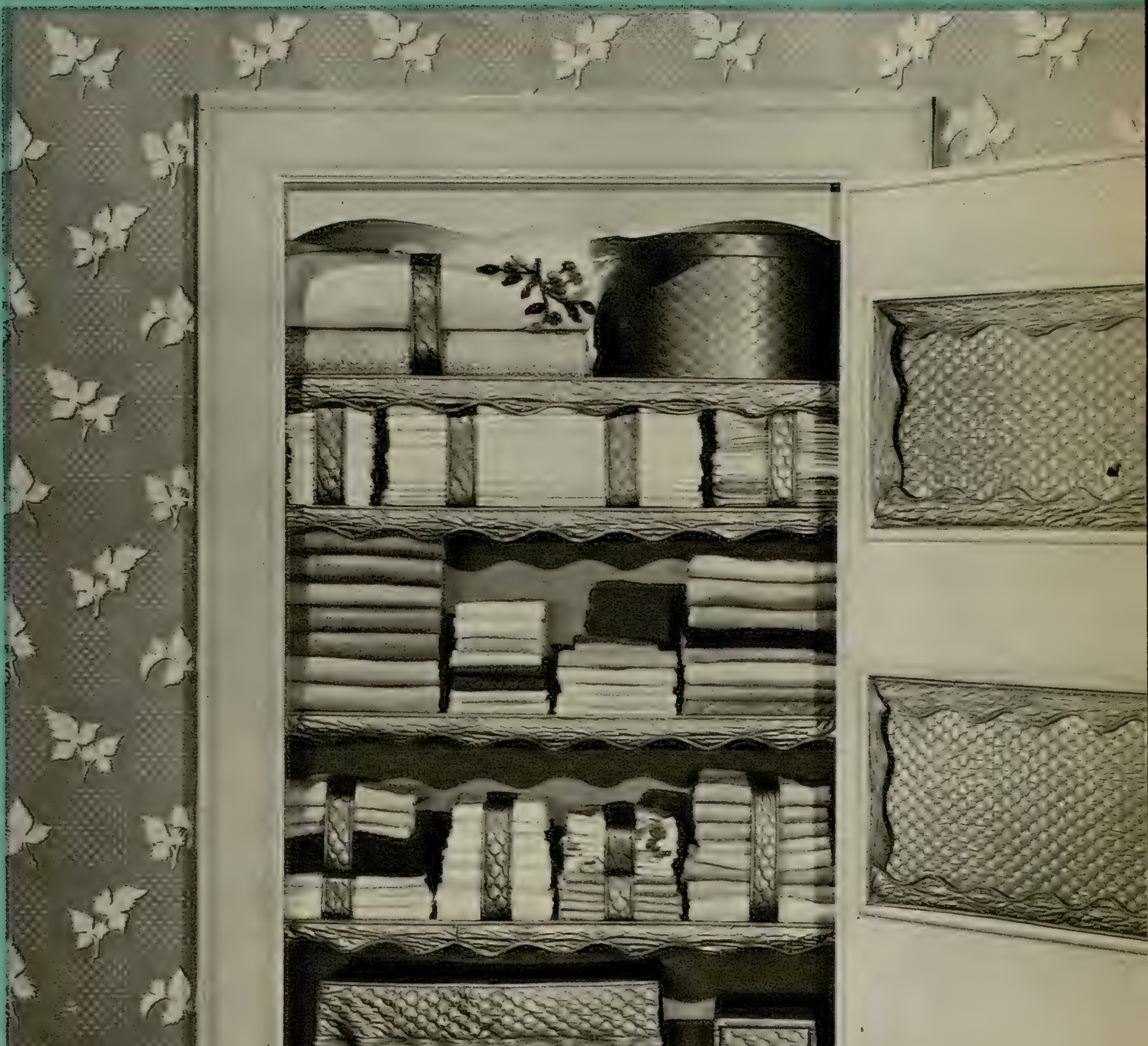
The policeman's fair question and Papa Lancaster's strap probably had little to do with it, but shortly after that episode Burt discovered the neighborhood public library. For all his brawn and muscles and his juvenile-delinquent playmates ("The kids on my block used to carry knives"), he became quite a scholarly teenager, though never one to be pushed around. Until he was 15 he sang soprano in church on Sundays. He also took piano lessons for awhile. He graduated from De Witt Clinton High and entered New York University at the young age of 16.

Today, 35-year-old Burton Stephen Lancaster is one of the best-read actors in Hollywood, and certainly one of the quietest, a fact that always comes as a surprise to interviewers and visiting firemen. "Most people," says Burt, who weighs 185 pounds and is six feet two, "seem to think I'm the kind of guy who shaves with a blowtorch. Actually, I'm inclined to be bookish and worrisome."

■ The tousle-headed, blue-eyed Lancaster has had the most phenomenal film rise of any actor in recent years. In 1945, after a three-year stretch in the army, he appeared on Broadway in his first professional play. Two years ago he was starring in his first film, Mark Hellinger's The Killers. In partnership with Harold Hecht, he now heads his own producing company, called Norma Productions, whose first picture, Kiss the Blood Off My Hands, was recently released. Lancaster is currently playing in the film version of Agnes Moorehead's famous blood-chilling radio sketch, Sorry, Wrong Number. He is co-starred with Barbara Stanwyck in that one. Also to his credit are solid performances in Brute Force, Desert Town, I Walk Alone, All My Sons, and the unreleased Criss Cross. All the ambitious feminine stars want him for their next picture. Lancaster's next film, still to be selected, will be for Hal Wallis. "The big brawny

(Continued on page 51)

Liberty
home



Make your linen closet gay and attractive: Quilted plastic bands hold your towels, matching boxes take your blankets, and cabinets for your soaps and toiletries complete an efficient, glamorous closet.

CLOSET ACCESSORIES: E-Z-DO, PRINCESS HOUSE.
BLANKETS: ST. MARYS, KENWOOD, NORTH STAR

OPEN YOUR HOME TO THRIFT

Pointers on buying bedding — a preview of the sheets and towels you'll see in January white sales — thrifty meat dishes — all in Liberty's Home Section this month

January White Sales

Open your door to Thrift in 1949! It's possible, even these days. Resolve to schedule family buying month by month; to know the fine points of merchandise as well as family needs; to watch for timely sales. Let's start with the linen closet

"Iris" bath towel, 22 by 44 inches, $1.19; washcloth, 29 cents; Fieldcrest.

Muslin sheet, 128 count, 72 by 108 inches, $2.75; Cannon.

"Queen Ann" bath towel, 22 by 44 inches, $1.59; washcloth, 34 cents; Callaway.

"Rose" printed bath towel, 22 by 44 inches, 98 cents; washcloth, 25 cents; Pacific.

"Sun Valley" bath towel, 24 by 46 inches, $1.89; washcloth, 39 cents; Callaway.

"New Rex" bath towel, 24 by 46 inches, $1.89; washcloth, 39 cents; Martex.

"Symphony" bath towel, 25 by 48 inches, $2.98; washcloth, 49 cents; Cannon.

"Trousseau" bath towel, 25 by 48 inches, $2.59; washcloth, 39 cents; Cannon.

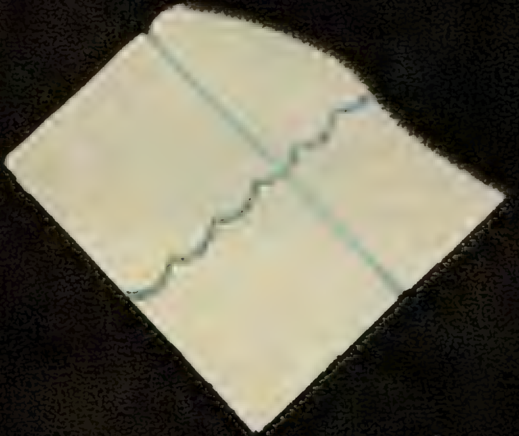
"Vogue" bath towel, 24 by 48 inches, $2.98; washcloth, 45 cents; Callaway.

All prices are appr

■ In January, a housewife's thoughts turn to restocking her linen closet, to take advantage of white sales. White sheets and cases are most important in that closet. Most manufacturers weave them in both muslin and percale; some also offer them in solid color or with colored hems. Sheets of color give a bedroom a wonderful lift; they also make cool summer spreads and matching draperies.

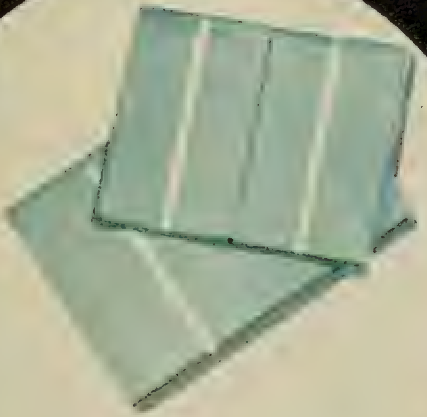
Thread count (number of threads to the square inch), the weight of cotton yarn used, and the finish are the main differences between muslin and percale sheets. Muslin runs about 128 or 140 threads a square inch; percale about 180 or 200. Combed percale has gone through extra processes after carding to insure the use of long-staple fibers only, so it costs more than carded percale. Percale is smoother than muslin; cooler in summer, but costs somewhat more. Because a percale sheet weighs less than a muslin one, it is easier to launder at home (or less expensive to send out to a laundry). The 140-thread-count muslin sheets will wear the longest.

Look for merchandise sold under reputable brand names. Watch for straight hems sewn with small stitches; a close, smooth weave; firm selvage. Test a sheet for


"Beauticale" percale sheet, 200-plus count, 72 by 108 inches, $5.35; Utica.

"Wearwell" muslin sheet, 128 count, 72 by 108 inches, $3.50; Fieldcrest.

"Luzan" bath towel, 24 by 46 inches, $2; washcloth, 39 cents; Martex.


"Lady Pepperell" muslin sheet, 140-plus count, 72 by 108 inches, $3.98; Pepperell.

"Laurel" percale sheet, 180 count, 90 by 108 inches; sheet and two cases, $7.98; Pacific.

"Plus Service" muslin sheet, 144 count, 72 by 108 inches, $3.98; Pequot.

"New Monarch" bath towel, 22 by 44 inches, $1.19; washcloth, 25 cents; Martex.

Percale sheet, 200-plus count, 72 by 108 inches; 2 cases and 2 sheets, $15.98; Pequot.

"Debutante" muslin sheet, 140 count, 72 by 108 inches, $2.98; Dan River.

January White Sales

(Continued)

sizing by rubbing against a dark surface. If that leaves a lot of fine white dust, the sheet's weight and gloss are mostly sizing and it isn't a good buy.

How Many Sheets to a Bed?

Six sheets to a bed and three cases a pillow are regarded as average by many homemakers: Two sheets on the bed, two in the laundry, and two in the linen closet. Other buyers allow four to a bed. Eight is a luxurious number to have, with no concern because of laundry that is late.

Beds Determine the Size of Sheets

A length of 108 inches allows for hems, mattress depth, shrinkage (true of all sheets), and secure tuck-ins. With the longer sheets you won't be hauling on them all night long, trying to cover your shoulders. The label on branded sheets sold today gives accurate measurements of length and width. These are the sizes that are recommended for your beds:

Cots: 54 by 99 inches; single beds: 63 by 99 or 108 inches; twin beds: 72 by 99 or 108 inches; double beds: 81 by 99 inches, or 90 by 108 inches.

For pillows, figure on a case six to eight inches longer than the pillow (they shrink, too, during the first washing) and two to four inches wider than twice the width. Measure your pillows before you buy cases. A too-small case, popping at the seams, is apt to tear.

Prolonged Life for Your Sheets

Prolonged life results from fond care. Rotate your sheets by stowing the freshly laundered ones at the bottom of the pile. Repair all tears and rips promptly, before washing, otherwise the tears may mysteriously triple in size. Protect sheets from ticking with a mattress pad. Don't yank sheets off beds or you may rip the sheets wide open. Cover up exposed coils or wire ends in bed springs. Reverse sheets occasionally, with wide hems at the foot, to equalize wear. Before you go to bed, wipe off face cream. It's a fact that women's pillowcases wear out more quickly than those used by men. Scrub at least the top layer of grime off the youngsters before they climb into bed.

Towel Points to Remember

Turkish or terry, it's the same material. Their water absorbency depends on the twist of the yarn forming the hundreds of loops covering the surface, on the length of the loops, and their number to the square inch. Wear depends on a firm background weave and selvage. This season the stores have deep, rich colors—wine, blue, green—for the first time since the war. Decorator colors, such as gray, aqua, and coral, are sold at medium prices. Your favorite pastels are in all price ranges.

Most men want huge towels, say 24 by 46 inches, or 26 by 50. But the bigger and heavier the towels, the more expensive. Medium sizes run from 20 by 40 inches to 22 by 44; hand towels from 16 by 28 to 18 by 36. Standard washcloths are 12 or 13 inches square. You know your own needs best, but an average count is four bath, four hand towels, and four washcloths a person, with extras for children and guests.

Need Bedspreads or Tablecloths?

In spreads, watch for easy launderability, sturdy construction, and colors to touch up your rooms. You'll have a wide choice, including jacquard, chenille, and needletuft types. There's an even wider range in tablecloths, among them bright printed cloths, cotton damask, lace, and labor-saving plastic place mats. Since you can afford more table-setting variety in these than in china and silverware, venture on something new in 1949.

The Path to Thrift

Your linen supplies may be sufficient. But if you fill in regularly, you'll never be faced with restocking your linen closet all at once, perhaps with pieces you don't really fancy. If you're not in the market now, clip these pages for future reference. When the time does come to retire sheets and towels, whip up crib sheets, pillowcases, kitchen curtains, aprons, pot holders, bibs—or what do you need?—with the remnants. Well-bought sheets and towels really are good down to the last fiber. With these habits, and by watching for special sales and knowing merchandise as well as family needs, you're off to a good start on that resolution to "Open Your Door to Thrift" in 1949.

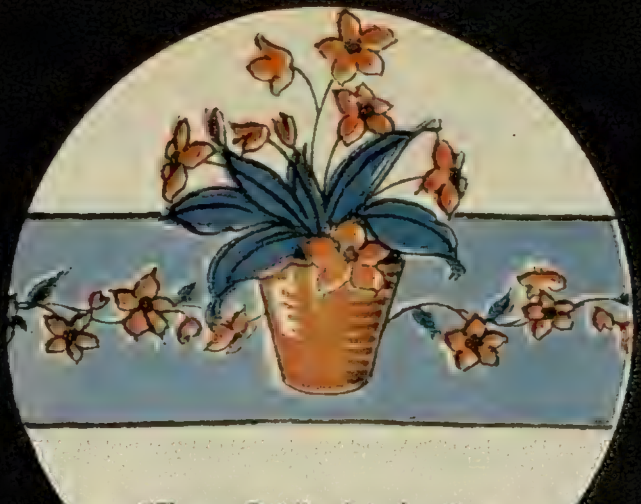
READER SERVICE BULLETINS

Special Offer:

☐ How to Make Your Towels Last Longer.
☐ Table Talk, For You the Homemaker.
☐ The Story of Balanced Sheets.
☐ Beauty Secrets from Your Linen Closet.
☐ Dictionary of Textile Terms.
☐ Facts About Sheets.
☐ Sheets and Blankets, A Housekeeping Guide.
☐ Tips on Towels.

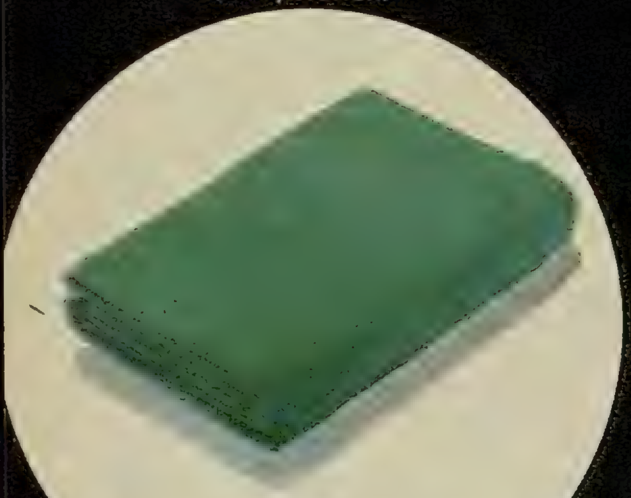
Send 10 cents in stamps for your selection of five of any of the above booklets. Please check (√) each leaflet wanted. Send 15 cents in stamps if you desire all eight leaflets. Address letter to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

"Wild Flower" printed cotton cloth, 54 by 54 inches, $2.49; Startex.



"Flower Pot," printed cotton-and-linen cloth, 54 by 54 inches, $2.49; Startex.

Washable plastic place mat, 12 by 18 inches, 50 cents; Princess.



"Vel-Cut" corduroy type bedspread, full or twin size, $12.95; Wintuft.

Stylecraft "Tiger Lily" printed cotton cloth, 54 by 54 inches, $2.60; Simtex.

"Handkerchief Plaid" needle-tuft spread, twin size, $15.95; Cabin Crafts.

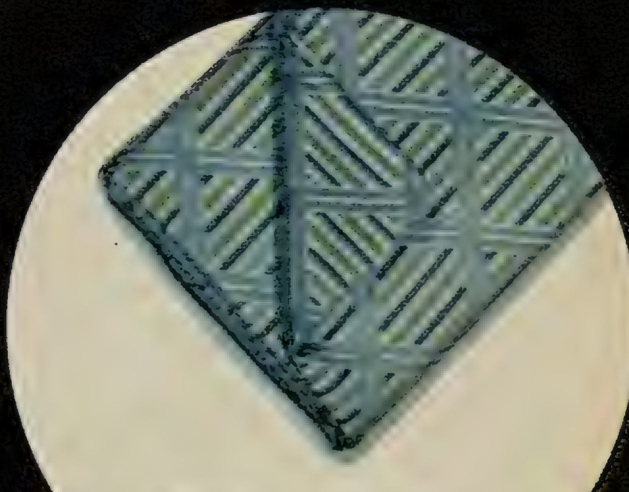
"Norfolk" cotton damask cloth, 64 by 84 inches, with eight napkins, $7.90; Simtex.

"Horizon" cotton jacquard bedspread, full or twin size, $8.95; Fieldcrest.

"El Rancho" cotton jacquard bedspread, full or twin size, $6.95; Monument.

"Highlands" cotton jacquard bedspread, full or twin size, $9.95; Bates.

"Point d'Argentan" cotton lace cloth, 72 by 90 inches, $8.50; Quaker Lace.



"Monterey" cotton jacquard bedspread, full or twin size, $8.95; Bates.

ll prices are approximate.

YOU SPEND ONE-THIRD

. . . why not spend it in restful comfort?

■ You didn't really sleep "like a log" last night. Not if you rested well. The experts say you twisted and turned, changing your position from 22 to 45 times. Your muscles and nerves were relaxing, resting up for today's work, worry, and fun.

The foundation for such a restful night is well-made bedding. Try these simple tests on your mattresses and pillows: A yardstick laid across the mattress should touch it at several points. The mattress gives easily when pressed, but bounds back when your hand is removed. A pillow placed across your arm should remain erect, without drooping. If your bedding passes these tests, it is serving you well.

Bedding represents a considerable investment, one which makes life pleasant or miserable. So if you're shopping for new equipment, do so leisurely. Ask questions and listen to the answers. Study the labels specifying content which most states require on all bedding. When buying for someone else, have that person accompany you—personal preference is important.

Ninety per cent of the mattresses sold are innersprings. There are two types. In the first, individual barrel-shaped metal coils are encased in cloth pockets and sewn together. These mattresses contain 800-plus coils. In the second type, coils are larger but fewer in number. Different manufacturers connect these coils in different ways—some, for example, by metal helicals, some by flexible steel ribbons.

In this second type, insulation—sisal, quilted cotton pads or other material—is inserted between and over coils to keep the top padding from sifting down between them. This top padding in both types is layers of felted cotton, curled horse- or cattle-tail hair, a combination of cotton and hair, or latex.

The number of coils of an innerspring is less important than their quality and placement. Quality and tempering of steel determine resilience. Placement of coils helps determine comfort. The center needs greater strength and tension in coils to support greater body weight. Corner coils should be designed to control shape; other coils, along the border, to reinforce the edge.

Perhaps the firmer support of a solid-filled mattress, or the lower initial cost (of most) attracts you. Quality ones contain curled horse- or cattle-tail hair, horse-mane hair, or felted layers of long-staple cotton. Less satisfactory, because they tend to mat, are fillings of short cotton fibers blown in between surface layers of felted cotton; or of hog hair, which is stiff and lumpy.

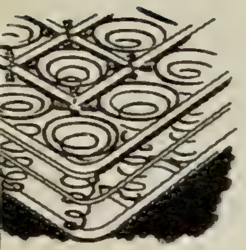
Newest for mattresses is latex—the milk of rubber trees whipped with chemicals to a frothy foam, poured into molds, and baked (the same way you bake a cake). A well-made latex mattress is about 85 per cent air and 15 per cent latex. It is light-weight, durable, and washable, moth-, mold-, and vermin-proof.

An electrically heated mattress is also new. The heating element is built into the mattress. Switch it on and the body absorbs heat, concentrated around legs and spine, from the mattress surface.

After you've dissected the inner construction, check the ticking and

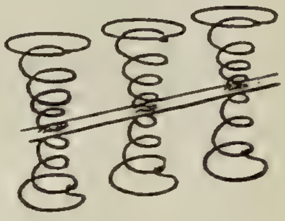
OF YOUR LIFE IN BED . . .

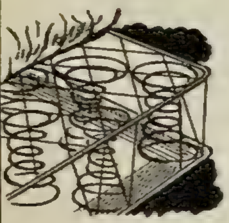
The Undercover Story



Platform type of metal coil spring. Metal bands crisscross entire top at frequent intervals to distribute weight evenly.

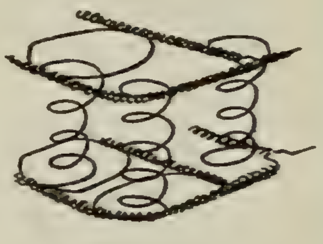
Section of "double-layer" innerspring mattress. The springs are locked only at the center by flexible ribbons of steel.

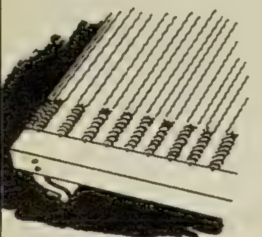




Section of box spring. The coils are tied to each other, to the base, and to the border with metal, or with a special twine.

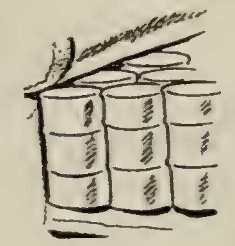
Section of helical-tied innerspring mattress. "Hourglass" springs are interconnected by the smaller helical springs.





Metal-band flat spring, commonly used with cots or folding beds. Metal bands are attached to frame by small wire coils.

Section of cloth-pocketed innerspring mattress. The individual coils are encased in cloth pockets and sewn together.



tailoring. Ticking should be closely woven, with stout seams and welting, reinforced corners, pre-built borders, and inner-roll edges. There should be ventilators for air circulation, and strong handles to assist in turning the mattress. Tufts should be flat and covered. (Tuftless mattresses use other means to anchor padding and ticking.) Don't skip these details. They are more than touches of luxury—they definitely add to the comfort and service a mattress offers.

Once you've selected your new mattress, consider the springs beneath. Good springs protect the mattress, lengthen its life, increase your comfort. The thinner latex mattresses require a deeper spring, preferably box, if your bed is to remain the same height.

A box spring lives up to its name—springs set in a wooden frame, with the top upholstered in cotton felt and a cover of ticking. Twine or small metal springs tie the wire coils to each other and to the base. In a full-size spring, coils run from 63 to 80; the more coils the better. A steel border keeps the edges from sagging.

There are different kinds of metal coil springs. The platform type is crisscrossed with metal bands over the coils, to distribute weight and prevent sagging. Another has convolute coils with extra turns of wire at the top so that when depressed they offer a firm surface. A third comes with reinforced double-deck coils, fine for heavier-than-average sleepers or for two people. The top half of the coil supports the weight, and the bottom half provides the "bounce."

Many people prefer to use an innerspring mattress with a box or semi-enclosed spring for support; and a solid-filled mattress with an open coil spring for resilience. Flat springs cost least; you will see them usually on cots and folding beds. They're made of bands of metal joined to a metal frame by small coils, or cable wire, or link fabric.

The right pillow completes your restful sleeping equipment. Its thickness is a matter of personal preference, but ticking should be closely woven to prevent leakage, and it should rebound when punched, with no odor or dust. Generally the stuffing is down or waterfowl feathers, or a combination of both. Down pillows are most expensive, but you may find them too soft. Down and waterfowl feathers are an ideal combination; waterfowl feathers alone are less so. Pillows weigh from one to four pounds, depending on size and contents. The lighter the better.

Your bedding demands remarkably little attention. Air it daily before making the bed; sun occasionally. Run the vacuum attachment over the mattress monthly, or brush thoroughly, but never beat. Turn an innerspring from end to end or from side to side every two weeks, without bending. Turn a solid-filled mattress every week. Fluff up your pillows and air them. For washing, they're best sent to a commercial laundry. Hook up the vacuum attachment again to clean box springs. Dust open springs with a dry cloth.

That's about all—and yet over many years, your bedding will contribute more to the health and comfort of your family than almost any other equipment in your home. ■■

Nearly every husband in the land likes a hearty dinner.

MENU OF THE MONTH

Chilled Pineapple Juice

Braised Short Ribs with Vegetables and Gravy

Old-Fashioned Coleslaw

Toasted Vienna Bread

Honey-Pecan Dessert

OPEN YOUR KITCHEN TO THRIFT!

by Beulah Karney

■ At this time of year nothing tastes so good as plain dishes rightly cooked. And that's good, too, since this substantial fare not only comes cheaper, but also wears better than the fancy foods of holiday time. That's why I'm suggesting that one way to cure a budget suffering from holiday splurging is to turn to the way our mothers cooked when their families were so large it was hard to make the money go round.

They used the Rule of Three, as I call it, a method suitable for all meat cuts that require braising.

Rule of Three

1. Lightly sprinkle meat with flour. When meat is cut in pieces, add seasoning to flour for thorough distribution.
2. Melt small amount of fat in skillet. When sizzling, add meat, a portion at a time. Brown a good deep, rugged brown.
3. Add liquid (no more than needed). Cover and cook slowly, adding more liquid if necessary to keep from scorching.

Husband's Favorite: Braised Short Ribs

Trim off excess fat and cut 2½ to 3 pounds short ribs into individual servings. Sprinkle lightly with flour. Brown slowly (about 20 minutes) in hot fat. Remove to pan with tight-fitting lid. Add:

2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 bay leaf
1 medium onion, minced
½ cup water

Cook slowly for 2½ hours on the top of stove, or in 300°F. oven for the same length of time. If needed, add another ½ cup water after one hour. Thirty to forty minutes before the meat is done, add:

4 large carrots, cut in chunks
4 to 6 potatoes
4 to 6 onions

Continue cooking for 40 minutes. Remove vegetables and meat to a hot platter. Thicken gravy, allowing 2 tablespoons flour blended with a little water. Serves 4.

COMPANY DESSERTS

From Liberty's Home Kitchen

Try these company desserts that are thrifty enough to serve to the family

HONEY-PECAN DESSERT

- 1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin
- 1½ cups hot water
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- ⅓ cup honey
- ½ cup cream, whipped
- ½ cup chopped pecan meats

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add
alt, lemon juice, and honey. Chill
ntil slightly thickened. Fold in cream,
hipped only until thick and shiny
t not stiff. Fold in nuts. Chill until
ghtly thickened. Spoon into sherbet
sses. Chill until firm. Serves 4
erously.

APRICOT-ALMOND MOLDS

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup apricot jam
- ⅓ cup chopped blanched almonds, toasted

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add apricot jam and stir until well distributed. Turn into individual molds, filling ⅓ full. Sprinkle with half of the nuts. Chill until firm. Cover with second layer of cold liquid gelatin, filling molds ⅔ full. Sprinkle with remaining nuts and chill until firm. Fill molds with remaining gelatin and chill again until firm. Unmold. Serve with whipped cream, if desired. Serves 4 generously.

FRUITED STRAWBERRY FLUFF

- 1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin
- 1⅔ cups hot fruit juice and water
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup drained canned peaches, apricots, or pears, cut in pieces

Dissolve gelatin in hot fruit juice and water; add lemon juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Measure ⅔ cup and set aside. Add fruit to remaining gelatin and turn into sherbet or parfait glasses, filling ⅔ full. Place ¾ cup gelatin in bowl of ice and water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Pile on top of fruited gelatin. Chill until firm. Serves 4 generously.

READER SERVICE BULLETIN:
A Week of Desserts

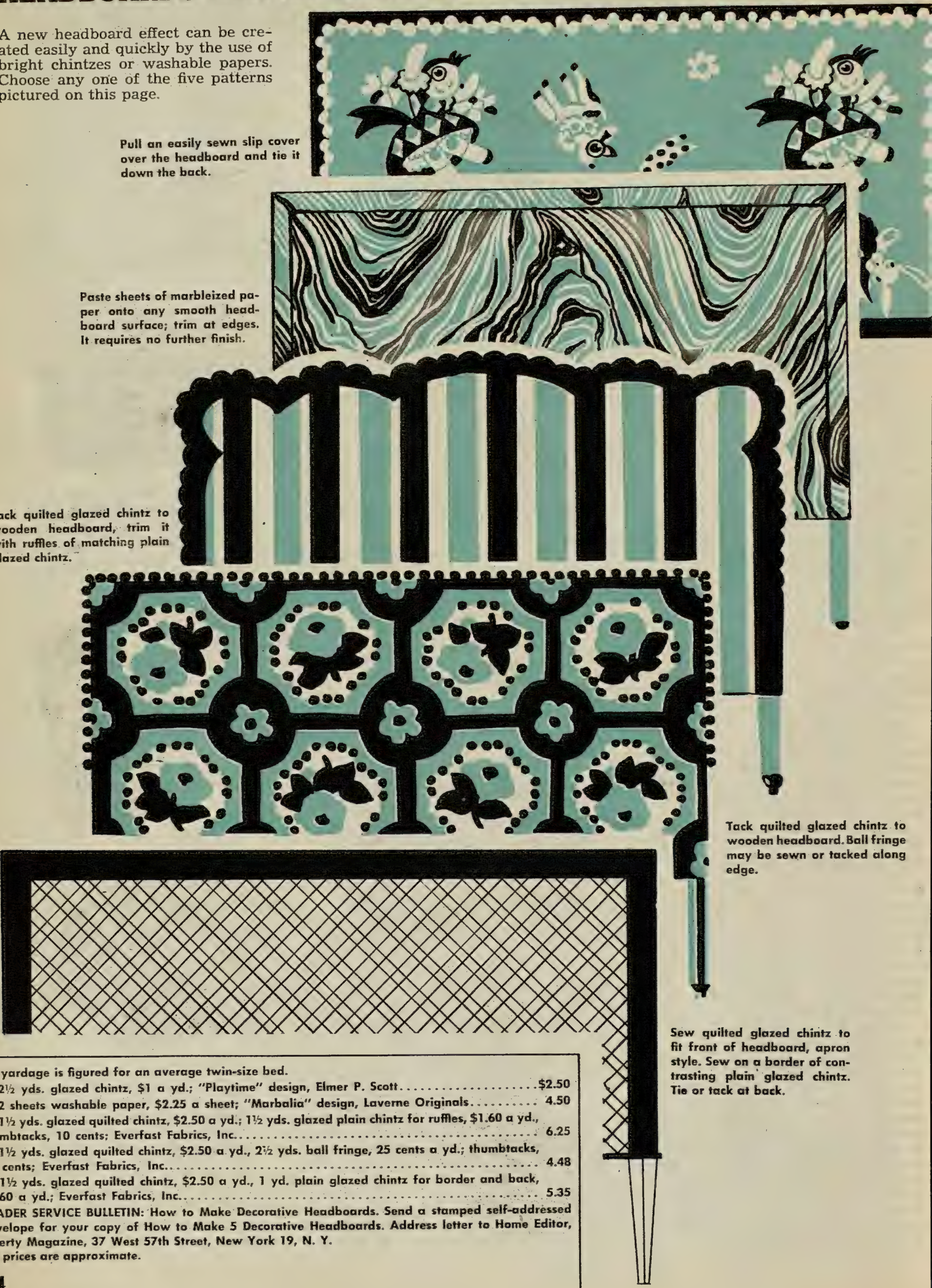
Seven easy-to-make and easy-to-eat desserts. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for your copy. Address letter to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

DECORATING ***for under ten dollars . . .***

by
Lillian
Langseth-Christense

HEADBOARDS CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

A new headboard effect can be created easily and quickly by the use of bright chintzes or washable papers. Choose any one of the five patterns pictured on this page.



Pull an easily sewn slip cover over the headboard and tie it down the back.

Paste sheets of marbleized paper onto any smooth headboard surface; trim at edges. It requires no further finish.

Tack quilted glazed chintz to wooden headboard, trim it with ruffles of matching plain glazed chintz.

Tack quilted glazed chintz to wooden headboard. Ball fringe may be sewn or tacked along edge.

Sew quilted glazed chintz to fit front of headboard, apron style. Sew on a border of contrasting plain glazed chintz. Tie or tack at back.

All yardage is figured for an average twin-size bed.

1. 2½ yds. glazed chintz, $1 a yd.; "Playtime" design, Elmer P. Scott	$2.50
2. 2 sheets washable paper, $2.25 a sheet; "Marbalia" design, Laverne Originals	4.50
3. 1½ yds. glazed quilted chintz, $2.50 a yd.; 1½ yds. glazed plain chintz for ruffles, $1.60 a yd., thumbtacks, 10 cents; Everfast Fabrics, Inc.	6.25
4. 1½ yds. glazed quilted chintz, $2.50 a yd., 2½ yds. ball fringe, 25 cents a yd.; thumbtacks, 10 cents; Everfast Fabrics, Inc.	4.48
5. 1½ yds. glazed quilted chintz, $2.50 a yd., 1 yd. plain glazed chintz for border and back, $1.60 a yd.; Everfast Fabrics, Inc.	5.35

READER SERVICE BULLETIN: How to Make Decorative Headboards. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for your copy of How to Make 5 Decorative Headboards. Address letter to Home Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
All prices are approximate.

IMPOSSIBLE—BUT JOE DOES IT!

Continued from Page 7

gated the 45-foot length of the corrective therapy gymnasium of Cushing Veterans Administration Hospital at Framingham, Mass.

He had done the "impossible." But it was not the first—or the last—time the plucky 32-year-old veteran had overcome odds held insurmountable.

He has been knocking the props out from under established medical theories ever since he sustained a high spinal-cord lesion (identical to the injury that took the life of General George S. Patton, Jr.) on V-E Day plus two while diving into a shallow swimming pool in France.

Fired by unshakable faith, resoluteness, patience, and downright grit, Press made up his mind, when told he was paralyzed, that he was going to be bigger than the handicap. He has never stopped proving it.

In direct defiance of medical theory, he has taught himself not only to walk on crutches, but also to propel his own wheel chair, get into and out of bed without help, brush his teeth, shave, smoke cigarettes, shower, eat, type, and do many other things a quadriplegic "cannot" do.

Everything Press does is a medical first. His every movement goes down as a precedent. Medical books offer no explanatory clues. Quadriplegia, technically the paralysis of all four limbs, is listed as hopeless, from the standpoint of physical activity.

Says tall, kindly Dr. George P. Denny, in charge of the Press case at Cushing:

"Joe Press is a remarkable patient. By all the rules of medicine, it is impossible for him to ambulate and do other things I have watched him do. He has nothing whatever to work with. I can't explain it."

But Joe Press can.

"I do these things because I *must* do them. I do them with my mind, if not my body . . . and with the help of God. Doctors say I will never be able to really take care of myself. Well, it may be that they're right—"

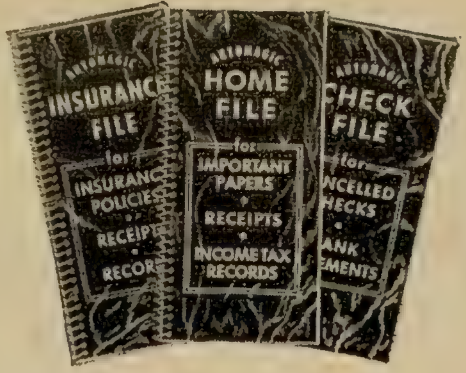
Hanging a barb of determination on every word, he adds: "—but I'm sure as hell going to try."

■ It has been that spirit that has raised Press as a symbol of hope for hundreds of thousands of persons with severe physical handicaps, particularly the 1,500 paraplegics (two limbs paralyzed) and the other 104 quadriplegics under V. A. care, and the more than 20,000 American civilian victims of both maladies.

"A thing like this can be licked," says Press. "I know. I'm licking it."

Press, about whom there is nothing pathetic, has licked other problems, too. He had hoped, before he was injured, that he might one day earn enough money to give his parents comfort and security, things they had never really known. As he lay helpless on his back, then as he was fighting to make his first faltering steps, he never stopped thinking about that hope. But how could a man without legs or arms or hands earn money? Press found the answer.

Liberty . . . SHOPS FOR THE FAMILY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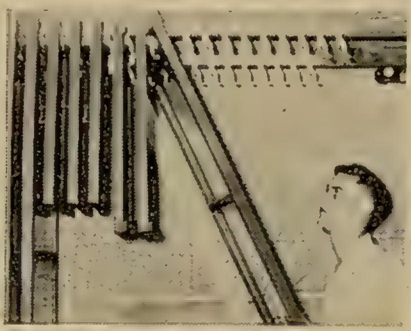
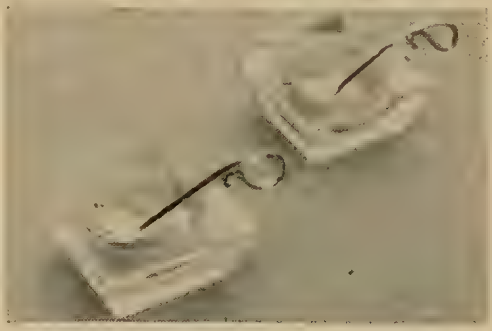
For extra shelves in attic, basement, or garage, hook these Add-A-Pair hangers over nails and slip in a board. Add to as needed. Hardware stores; 75 cents a pair.



Stow-A-Way aluminum hanger for screens and storm windows in off season saves storage space, reduces breakage, and prevents warping. Hardware stores; 2-bracket set (10 windows); $2.50.

In kitchen or workshop a Magna-grip rack keeps steel utensils or small tools right on tap but safely out of way; protects knife blades. White enamel finish. Hardware stores; $2.95.

Store medicines, cosmetics, towels in top section of a Dan-Dee hamper; or use two compartments to separate laundry. Pearl-covered lid; white or colors. Department stores; $10.



Tardy Christmas shopping? Consider these individual polished crystal saltcellars, handmade, with sterling silver spoons. Wayne Silversmiths, 1924 McGraw Ave., New York 62, N. Y.; $3.75 a pair, ppd., tax included.

Fat drains from perforated top pan of Buckeye's aluminum Broilerette into lower pan without smoking. Diameter, 12 inches. Housewares stores; $1.95.

Dad or the children can safely carry pie — even a juicy piece — in their lunchboxes if it's kept in Pi-Pak. Fine icebox dish too. Durable Styron plastic in several colors. 25 cents.

(Continued on next page)

All prices are approximate.

Liberty ... SHOPS FOR THE FAMILY

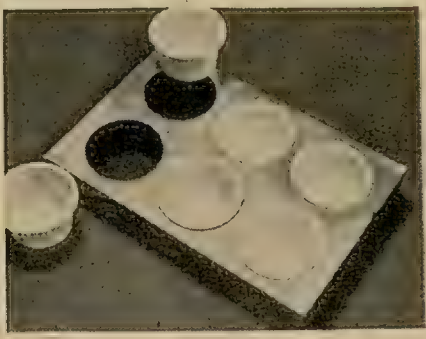
This Artbeck gift package is a three-in-one discovery for your kitchen, or a friend's—baster, whipper (to be worked with one hand), and safety grip for hot pans. Department stores; $2.79.

An ideal gift—International's silver-plated bonbon dish—but you'll probably plan to keep it. Diameter, 6 inches; height, 1½ inches. Gift stores; $3.75 plus 20% tax.

PRESS MY SIDES WATCH ME JUMP

Squeeze Jack-in-the-Blox and up pops Humpty Dumpty, Old King Cole, or Toto the Clown. Green or red plastic. M. C. Flynn, 43 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y.; set of three, $1.25 ppd.

Set yourself up as family barber and save money regularly with Sta-Neet's plastic hair trimmer. Adjustable razor blade cuts, thins, and shapes hair. Department and drug stores; 98 cents.



Muffins and cupcakes cook faster in Easy-Bake's aluminum pan; stay fresh longer in its replaceable paper cups. Marlyn Products, 24 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.; 2 tins, 24 cups, $1.49 ppd.

Kindle-Lites—safe, clean concentrated heat in handy form—ignite hearth fires quickly. They're inch cubes of non-deteriorating materials; burn about 8 minutes. Department stores; 96 for $1.

This shoe bag of woven plastic Lumite in bright Scotch plaids is washable and practically abuse-proof. Holds six pairs. Department stores; $5.95.

The Zippo plastic case hangs out of way on bathroom wall, but its 28-foot line unreels speedily when wanted. Department stores; 49 cents.

Fill a Pycrust glass rolling pin with cold water or ice; there's no need to chill or flour the dough before rolling. Department stores; 50 cents.

All prices are approximate.

He went into business. From hi wheel chair he launched an import-export business which today extend to 21 countries. According to order received at this writing, the enterprise will gross $1,500,000 in its firs year. Press's income is 2 per cent o the gross.

He employs two secretaries, wh work in shifts in his tiny private roon at Cushing. By mail, cable, and telephone Press buys and sells such commodities as steel, plastics, linseed oil aniline dyes, prefabricated houses lard, shortening, bacon, and Frencl perfumes.

"The formula is simple," he explains. "I watch the government an financial and commercial publication to determine what nations need wha goods and who has an abundance o them. I contact my potential customers and suppliers. The rest is just matter of taking orders, making purchases, and checking to see that deliveries are made."

By the time the business was fou months old, Press had made enoug money to "go to work on dad." Bu his father, slight white-haired Isaal Press, was reluctant to retire fron his lifelong job as a bakery-rout salesman.

"It took a lot of selling," says Joe "Dad couldn't see living off a fellov in my condition, no matter how muc money I made. But I finally showe him how important it was to me tha he retire."

■ Today, with Joe footing the bil Isaak Press and his tiny chubby wif Kate, live comfortably and proudl in a nice house on a tree-shaded stree in New Haven.

"I'm happy," says Joe. "The folk are taken care of. And for the firs time I feel that I'm a real member o society. I never had that feeling before I was paralyzed. I was just little guy trying to get a peek up dark alley. I hadn't been anywher and very likely wasn't going anywhere. I had dreams and hopes—but never thought I'd see any of ther materialize."

Joe Press was born in Meride Connecticut, and spent all but th first five years of his prewar life i New Haven, where he attended public schools and the Junior College o Commerce.

He volunteered for military servic in September, 1942. In January, 194 he went overseas to join the 391 Bomber Group of the Ninth A Force, for which he kept flight records. He won six battle stars.

"But I never did anything brave he says.

After the German capitulation an while waiting to be transferred t the Pacific theater of operations, Pre and some buddies decided to go swimming. On his first dive, Press's hea struck bottom.

"I was conscious, but I couldn move," he recalls. "I sensed a terrib frightening numbness. I was helples Then a soldier pulled me out. He w Wendell Clark. He was from son place in Ohio. I haven't seen hi since."

Later, when a doctor told him had lost the use of his arms and leg perhaps permanently, Press smiled and said:

"It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy."

Surgery, performed after he was returned to the United States, failed to restore the use of the limbs.

"Then they told me I would never again be normal, and I decided that if doctors couldn't help me, I'd help myself."

Early in 1946, at Cushing, Press met Frank Deyoe, young instructive superintendent of corrective therapy. Deyoe had been training paraplegics to exercise their muscles and, where possible, to walk on crutches. Press asked Deyoe to work with him. Deyoe hesitated. There was a chance for a paraplegic to get around. But a quadriplegic—unheard of. Press insisted on trying.

■ In the beginning Press was in what Deyoe terms "terrible shape."

"He had nothing inside him to work with. His body was as limp as a rag. He couldn't even breathe normally. Because the muscles between his ribs were gone, he had to breathe with his diaphragm."

On his first day in the gymnasium, Press said he wanted to sit up. Deyoe eased him from a wheel chair to the mat, and held him in a sitting position.

"Let go," Press said. He promptly flopped to his side.

"That night in bed," Press recalls, "I realized that what I needed was balance control."

The following morning Press sat up for a minute before he fell. That afternoon he sat for three minutes. A week later he could sit, without help, as long as he wanted to. The doctors were baffled.

"It's easy," Press told them. "I balance myself by moving my head."

Then one day, as Press was trying to learn how to roll over on his back, he suddenly called out:

"Hey, Frank! I've found something. There's something alive in my chest."

He had discovered that he could get movement in his pectoral muscles—those extending from the shoulders across the chest. For weeks he exercised the muscles by forced twitching. Gradually they grew livelier, and finally Press could control them without straining too hard. For hours on end Deyoe patiently massaged and kneaded them. Then Press began putting them to work.

He wanted to learn to attain a sitting position from his back. He practiced shifting his weight from elbow to elbow—always by pectoral-muscle control. One day, several weeks later, he called to Deyoe, "Watch this."

He pressed his head against the mat. He forced his elbows down. He twisted his head and "walked" his elbows until his body was in an "L" position. Then he threw his left shoulder forward. Suddenly he was sitting up.

"What a guy!" Deyoe exclaimed.

"After that," says Deyoe, "I believed Joe Press could do anything, except perhaps run around the block, and I wouldn't care to bet against that."

Press taught himself to pick up a cigarette, to use an electric shaver, eat, and brush his teeth.

The hospital staff was astounded when a new electric typewriter was delivered to Joe's room.

"And just who is going to use that?" a nurse asked.

"I am," was the casual reply.

Press went to the hospital strap shop and devised a wrist strap with a hook that curved over the back of his hand—his "silent secretary." With this device he taught himself to type. His current speed is ten words a minute. But the staff wasn't surprised when Joe advised them he was going to do hand push-ups on the gymnasium mat. The first day he did four push-ups. On the second day he did seven. On the third he executed ten. His present exercise program calls for 20 consecutive push-ups three times daily.

Doctors kept watching Joe's accomplishments in amazement and making notes. A squad of them showed up when Joe announced that he was going to "walk." Attendants stood him between parallel bars. It was the first time his entire body had been in an erect position since he was injured.

"It felt as if my head were suspended in air," he says. "There seemed to be nothing under my neck."

He started by leaning one hip against the bar. By throwing his weight, via head maneuvering and pectoral-muscle control, he slid one foot forward an inch, and his body shifted to the other bar. He executed two "steps." It took 23 minutes.

The following day he took two steps in ten minutes. The day he managed to shuffle three feet, he fell into Deyoe's arms. Both men cried.

And three weeks later Joe walked the length of the gymnasium—in one hour. Today he can do it in 50 seconds.

■ Encouraged (but baffled) by Joe's accomplishments, doctors decided early in 1947 to perform an exploratory operation on his spinal cord, to try to find a way to give him "more to work with."

But the operation failed to turn up anything. In addition, it sapped Joe's strength. He could not move his pectoral muscles. He could barely turn his head.

"I was afraid," Frank Deyoe says, "that Joe's whole world had tumbled. I was afraid he might lose his fighting spirit." But when Deyoe walked into Press's room, the patient smiled and said, "Well, Frank, looks like I'll have to start all over again."

And he did.

Within a few months he was able to do all he had done before the operation plus some additional activities.

"One day," Joe says confidently, "I will be able to take care of myself fairly well. Then I'm going to build a house—a very special house—a dream house—for me. It will have ramps instead of stairs, low chests, low mirrors, low light switches. All over the place there will be special gadgets that I can work. And, of course, I'll have a handy man, or valet, to take care of the things I can't do. And I'll run my business right from home.

"Life is good. There is so much to look forward to." ■■

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FRAME-UP

Continued from Page 24

that sounded interesting," Candy said.

"O.K., listen to him. He's your pal. I'm not."

"Sure," Emmett said. "Don't pay no mind to me and Paul."

"We can hear what he's got to say, can't we?" Farley said. He handed me the water. It took a little time for me to get on an elbow to drink it. "All right, Clifford. Say it slow."

"I'm willing to talk on one condition," I said. "When I'm finished you'll kill me quick."

"Fair enough," Candy said.

■ I said, "Let's look back. Four of you went A.W.O.L. out the bomb bay of Haley's Comet. You had a big time for awhile, and then the war ended and things got tough. Who was it who started blaming things onto me and Roberts? Who was it who worked on that and kept it hot?"

Farley and Candy glanced at Paul.

"This great revenge against Roberts and me is phony as hell," I said. "I've got more gripe against Roberts than any of you have. My brother Gene was a member of your crew. He didn't come back. You're the lucky ones; you're alive. But what happened was just another snafu, a part of war. It's nothing to sit around brooding about. You men can't take out your gripe against war on an individual. You were all riding for a fall. You went A.W.O.L. You asked for it. You can't blame anybody but yourselves."

Paul sneered. "What is this, Marble Arch? Get a soapbox."

"Yeah, get down to cases," Farley said.

"This is what I'm getting at: None of you had a reason, a good solid reason, except Paul Reed," I said.

"He's telling us," Paul said.

"Take a look back. You've been holed up here like gophers. Do you realize you've been in prison? Paul kept you here together for his own good reasons. In prison at hard labor, fixing up the cave. That was to keep idle hands busy so idle minds wouldn't think.

"You're through with this cave as of today. You're not going to have your faces fixed by a plastic surgeon and be free men, with a nice hide-out for those big jobs Paul is going to figure up. You've had it. You're through. This is it."

"Maybe he don't believe in money," Emmett said. "A hundred thousand bucks. Paul figured up that little job."

"Peanuts," I said. "And why the frosting? Why the saturnalia in blue serge? Why the Cadillac? Why the crooked roulette wheel? It's too elaborate, too risky. And no part is necessary to anybody but Paul Reed."

"Sure," Paul said. "It was dumb, hanging it on you and Lila."

"Not dumb for you," I said, "but plenty dumb for the rest of the gang."

"Why was it dumb for me?" Candy asked.

"Paul had to have a goat," I said. *"Not for the police, but for the rest of you.* Once I was involved, he began killing you off one by one. He and Emmett. Silvers was first. Then came Comet. And then Hiram. And you two," I said to Farley and Candy, "were next on the schedule."

"What a yarn," Emmett said.

"Let's consider Lila," I said.

"Can't I get a little personal satisfaction?" Paul asked.

"It's all personal with you, Paul. You've tried to make it appear that she started your troubles—that you might never have gone A.W.O.L. if she hadn't turned you down. But you went A.W.O.L. in November, and you didn't ask her to elope until nearly Christmas. This whole thing was a smoke screen. It was complicated purposely. It kept your gang occupied watching the wheels go around, so they wouldn't notice what was kicking underfoot."

"Quit beating your gums," Candy said. "Come to the point."

I said, "The point is very simple. Paul Reed is a millionaire. He's shooting for the time when he can come back to life, *with no living witnesses left to put him in prison or blackmail him white."*

Paul laughed. "What have you got on me? What has Lila? What has Roberts?"

"Merely enough to have you court-martialed for desertion under fire, Sergeant Reed. You're still in the army; you've never been discharged. If you tried to pop up alive with some yarn of amnesia, I could prove you'd tried to buy your way out of that last mission. You didn't know but that I'd reported the incident to Roberts. Lila could prove you didn't have amnesia a month after you'd gone A.W.O.L.—that you were running around London a month after you were supposed to be dead. And, Paul, one man might get away with a tall story, but not four.

"The big problem was keeping the witnesses together—the four who could trip you up or bleed you white. You deserve the Legion of Merit for that, Paul. Getting them back from Europe, keeping them busy on the cave, and keeping them from seeing through it—you did a terrific job."

■ Emmett slapped his knee and guffawed. "Quite a yarn, Clifford. Yes, sir, y'all got imagination. Full of holes, but quite a yarn."

"What holes?" I asked.

"If Paul wanted to get rid of his pals, why didn't he kill them one by one, long ago?"

"Too much was at stake. The gang would have dispersed at the slightest suspicion. He had to get rid of seven people. Any one of them could have seen through it, just as I'm seeing through it now. He had to hold four men together in harmony while he set the trap for the other three. Once the trap was sprung, and I was a convenient goat, he *did* start killing them off. But once he started the finale, it had to go fast and quick, before somebody caught on. Last night it was all ready. If Roberts had been brought here with me and Lila last night, it would have worked. Except for that, Hiram wouldn't have had time to put two and two together with me and get his neck broken for his pains. And I wouldn't have tumbled."

That was it. That was the goods I had to sell. I waited to see if there were any buyers.

"Well, Paul?" Farley asked. "How about it?"

"I've listened to it just to see what he'd say." Paul arose and stretched. "Just let me ask him one question and you'll see where we stand."

"O.K.," Candy said. "It better be a good one."

Paul crossed and stooped over me. "Answer me this, Clifford, just why did—"

It was so smooth I didn't know what had happened until it was over. The action didn't take a full second. As Paul stooped, his hand went naturally under his coat. In the middle of the question a gun came from the coat and shot twice. Farley and Candy went down in their tracks. Candy moved on the floor. Paul shot again. He went to the table and poured a drink. Emmett got his Peacemaker from Farley's waistband.

"Make that a pair, son," Emmett said.

Paul made it a pair. They threw off the drinks. Paul blew his breath out slowly. "Brother, that was close."

"That there was nice work, son."

"Let's finish it up and get out of here," Paul said. "Go see if Roberts and the girl are coming."

I said, "Emmett, are you going to turn your back to him?"

■ In the act of turning, Emmett froze, watching Paul sidewise.

"I'll take care of him," Paul said. "With pleasure."

"None of your fast stuff, son," Emmett said. "What do you mean, Clifford?"

I said, "Haven't you figured it out, either?"

"I'm listening."

I said, "Do you think Paul's going to put his life in your hands? Don't be a fool. He's been a millionaire all his life. The money was his, and his own mother has had to work all hours in a little store to keep alive. Do you think he's splitting with you now?"

"It's trouble that brings folks together," Paul said. "Eh, pa? That's when you find out who your true friends are."

"That's what I thought, son," Emmett carefully said.

"That's what the others thought," I said. "One for all. But it turned out all for one."

Emmett laughed nervously. "What are we getting het up about, Paul? It's just a family deal."

I said, "Never a cross word between you and your wife, eh? There'd better not be. Paul knows he can trust his mother. That's something even he can bank on. But his hold on you is just as strong as a marriage certificate. He knows what that means. He was raised in Reno. . . . And you, Paul. It's your neck if you don't get rid of him, and you know it. He's not smart enough to have your life in his hands. That fool play of getting me out of the Newman house, walking up with his bare face hanging out and being recognized by the woman next door. He scared her; he made a Christian out of her. But what if she doesn't stay scared? What if she's already told the police?"

"Playing on both sides of the table, eh, pardner?" Emmett said.

"It's funny," I said. "It's the biggest joke I ever heard of. All of you working together for years—and nobody thought it through to the end."

Emmett chuckled. "Paul, what's a-getting into us, listening to such stuff? Let's have a drink."

"Sure, Hod. We know each other. Let's have a drink."

There was a moment. It was a moment that grew. Both men almost turned to the table, and then each waited for the other one to turn first, to turn his back. And then, as if by a signal, both men grabbed for their guns. Paul shot three times rapidly. Emmett got but one shot from his single-action Peacemaker. Paul leaned forward and pitched to his face. Emmett sat down with slow awkwardness.

Paul turned onto his side with great effort. He lay on one elbow, breathing heavily, watching me. He pointed the snub-nosed revolver at me and snapped it. He snapped it again. I had counted the shots, one for Farley, two for Candy, three for Emmett.

Paul said, "You win, Clifford."

"I guess so."

"You always had the blarney. When you went to work on it, you could talk a blind man out of his dog."

"My job is selling."

"No," he said, and very slowly he smiled. "No, you don't win. I always said I'd get back at you if it was the last thing I ever did. You saw through the play, but you didn't see it all. You're not as smart as you think you are. If you'd been smart, Haley's Comet wouldn't have gone on that last mission. Your brother would still be alive. None of this would have happened.

"You put a spoke in the wheel. A canned-milk salesman—telling *me* to go out and die so Bloody Roberts could get his star! Me! I could buy out a dozen like you and Roberts! Petty little canned-milk salesmen and dry-goods-store owners sending *me* out to die! I said I'd get back at you if it was the last thing I ever did!"

"Don't blame me if you cracked up," I said.

"And Lila, fobbing me off. Do you know what I did? I asked her to *marry* me. I've had girls. Plenty of girls. I asked her to *marry* me! She fobbed me off. I said I'd get back at the three of you. And I have, Clifford," he said. "You'll all die out here."

"No, you haven't," I said. "We found the gasoline. Roberts went for the police."

"Two out of three—it's still a good average. You and Lila are cooked. I had it figured that way. If anything went wrong, at least I'd get you two. You can never talk fast enough to get out of this one, Clifford. The cops will hang it on you. They'll hang you for it. That makes us even, Clifford."

He began to laugh, but it didn't last long. At least he died happy.

I don't know how long it was before a voice said, "My God, look at this! Look at this mess!" The cops had arrived.

While they examined the others, Laughing Boy came to me. "How the hell did this happen?" he asked.

"I'll tell you everything. But first put in a radio call to Reno. Have the police get Mrs. Emmett—Emmett Food Shop."

He shook his head. "She's dead. She had a fancy ring with poison in it."

There went the last witness who could clear me and Lila. But there was still one person who could clear Lila. I could.

"I confess," I said. "I was one of the gang. I was the front man. I arranged the kidnaping."

"I see. Where does Lila Bowman fit in?"

"We planned to hang it on her. But she's innocent."

"I see." Laughing Boy told a couple of cops to help me, and as we went out of the tunnel I heard Lila calling my name.

"Cliff! Cliff! Oh, you're alive!"

"**. . . and then he says, 'Let me crush you in my arms.' I didn't know he ate Wheaties.**"

Anyway . . . plenty nourishing, Wheaties. Famous training dish, with milk and fruit. Many top-flight athletes sit down to big bowls of Wheaties, mornings. Good for *you* too. Seven dietary essentials in these 100% whole wheat flakes. "Breakfast of Champions"!

I can't say she came into my arms, because the cops were holding my arms. You might say she came into our arms.

"Beat it, Toots," I said. "If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have to take the rap. Scram!"

"Miss Bowman," Laughing Boy said, "I told you to stay under cover."

"He's badly hurt," she said. "He's out of his mind."

"He's normal. He's confessing, to save you."

"I'm guilty," I said. "We tried to hang it all on Lila."

"You're a dear, Cliff," Lila said. "I appreciate it, but it's not necessary. The police have known we were innocent for two days."

■ Lila and I sat together at the haystack, while a couple of cops went down the gulch for a stretcher.

"The fatheads!" I said. "Why didn't they put it in the papers and on the radio if they knew we were innocent!"

"They had to protect us and the baby," Lila pointed out.

"How did they get wise?"

"Laughing Boy says the story you told the cops at Lovelock was so fantastic it sounded straight. The cobwebs and dust in the Pioneer Club showed up synthetic under examination. The police found a roulette wheel with electrical control under a culvert. The police knew you'd been framed."

"Plain dumb luck they found us," I said. "If Roberts hadn't got away, they never would have."

"Give them some credit, Cliff. They were waiting to make arrests when Roberts phoned. What broke the case was that picture of Haley's Comet and the crew which we left in Mr. Newman's house. And a very interesting piece of paper you'd been writing on in the living room. A neighbor woman identified Al Farley and Candy Sweet as men who'd helped get you out of the house, and Emmett as the driver of the panel truck."

"Then she didn't stay a Christian?"

"Christian? Oh, you mean about Emmett threatening her? No, this morning she went to the police and told everything. The police went to Emmett's store and found another picture of Haley's Comet and the crew, and also pictures of Paul Reed. They were questioning Mrs. Emmett when she bit that antique ring open. But they knew who to look for. They were looking for the gang when Roberts phoned."

"I guess I was a chump," I said. "If we'd only given ourselves up and told our story from the beginning. You wanted to, remember?"

"I don't know, Cliff. It's easy to look back. We might do the very same thing if it happened again."

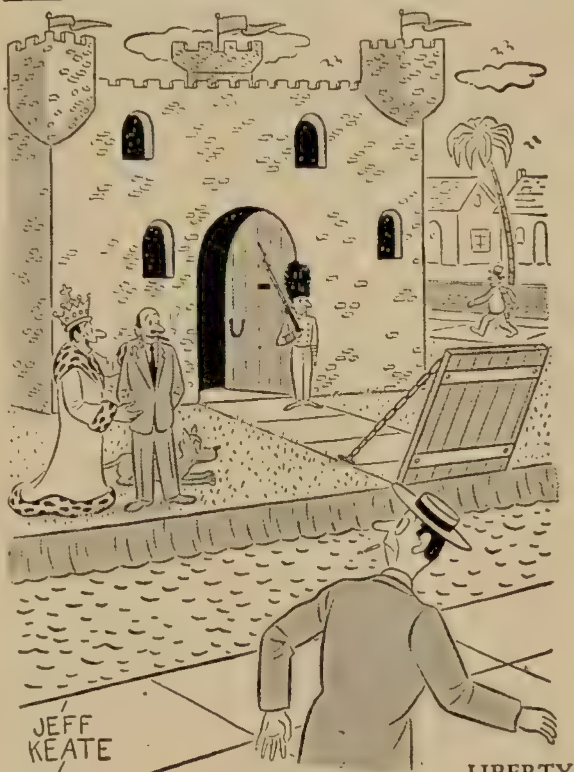
"Again? Don't ask me to do another selling job like that one."

"But what happened in the cave? You haven't told me a thing about why you weren't killed." She pestered me until I sketched it briefly, and then we spent a couple of very pleasant hours getting acquainted. That's something we really hadn't had time for. I wanted to bring up an important matter with her, but I'd tried it before with poor results. I thought it best to start from scratch.

■ . . . Yes, that's all. This is my statement regarding the part I played in the kidnaping of Scootie Roberts. I've been telling it to a pretty G-girl for the benefit of the F.B.I., because I'm the only living person who went through the whole thing. . . . Well, all right, Miss Hinch, you're *not* a G-girl. But you can't deny you're pretty. . . . And thank *you*. . . .

What's that, Miss Hinch? . . . What do you mean, what *happened?* I've spent many a long hour telling you what happened. . . . Corn, you say? The old corn you hear every day? Maybe it's old stuff to you, Miss Hinch, but I've had plenty for life.

Oh, *that*. I don't see that the relationship between me and Lila adds anything to the records of the F.B.I. . . . The only reason you've been interested? Well, Miss Hinch, I may as well admit that I haven't been giving this statement for your personal entertainment. . . . Oh, well, O.K., if you put it that way.



LIBERTY

"I'm telling you, George, for seventy-five dollars a week you can live like a king out here!"

Now.

I had the idea of softening Lila up in the hospital. The wan face on the white pillow and all that. But when we got to Reno, the doctor looked me over, taped up my knee, and said it was best to keep up and about. So that was out.

The next day was Saturday and we spent all day answering questions. Sunday was the same. It was along Sunday afternoon when the framus was finally over. I had to hit my route again Monday morning, and I'd agreed to make a statement on my next trip.

As Lila and I walked down the street from police headquarters, I limped a little more than I had to. People on the street gawped at us. The newspapers had made me out quite a guy. And, brother, I needed every bit of it. Walking into that cave was nothing—I had to sell Lila the idea of marriage.

"There's something strange about everything," she said. "I feel sort of lost and at loose ends. Tomorrow morning I'll be back in the dress shop. A customer will come in about a number she was looking at last week. Thinking about that dress will have been the big thing of her life. And all this has happened meanwhile."

I mentally rubbed my hands together. She was dislocated, reaching for reality. I would be right there within reach.

Then she said, "Here's my street. Good-by."

And she walked away. Like that.

"Hey!" I ran after her, forgetting to limp. "Lila!"

"Don't shout," she said. "What do you want?"

What did I want? "I had an idea for dinner and an evening," I said. It was unnatural, having to say it. It should have been something we'd take for granted.

"Cliff, it's been nice knowing you. Let's let it go at that."

"What's the matter?"

"Can't we just let it go at that?"

"No, we can't. What's wrong? Why can't we have dinner together?"

"Cliff, you're making it difficult."

"Don't spare my feelings. What's wrong with me?"

"All right, Mr. Clifford. I just don't go for the ex-Air Force wolf. I spent two years fighting off your type in the ETO."

"Wait a minute. I asked you to marry me, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes—when? When it was impossible! The old Air Force gag. But what about the other day at the haystack? It was possible then. We weren't fugitives. You just had to say the word and we'd have been married that night. But, no—you didn't say a word about love then!"

People were gathering around to listen. I didn't give a hoot, and neither, apparently, did Lila.

"O.K., I'm saying it now!" I yelled. "Before witnesses! I love you! I want you to marry me!"

"Listen to the man. A girl finally forced his hand!"

"Will you marry me?" I roared.

"No!" she screamed. "Thank goodness I've come to my senses! I can see what it would mean. Little Lila home with the knitting while the great lover plays the field. No, thank you. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

■ Two weeks later, on a Wednesday afternoon, I was making the run to Lovelock on my route. I came over the same low pass. The same road stretched like a string through the stunt brush, perfectly straight down the foothills and across the great valley and up the hills on the other side to the horizon. This, just two weeks ago to the hour, was where I'd come in.

As I came off the foothills I saw something, miles ahead, beside the road. At first it was just a hump. Then it became a shape. Then a human figure. Then a girl. Then a very pretty girl, sitting on an up-ended suitcase in the middle of nowhere.

I pulled up alongside. "Want a ride?"

She gave me the slow once-over. "Maybe I do, and maybe I don't."

"When do you think you might decide?"

"Tell me frankly. Do I look easy?"

"Definitely not. I ought to know."

"I think we understand each other." She put the suitcase in the back and got in beside me. I drifted along at seventy. Neither of us said a word. In about a quarter of an hour I overhauled a police car. Laughing Boy was driving, grinning from ear to ear. He waved as I went by.

"Well?" I said. "What is it? A frame-up with the cops?"

"Cliff, you're not making it easy for me."

"It's your move."

"Cliff, I feel so silly. Laughing Boy told me all about you. He said the case wasn't closed until he straightened that out."

"It's none of his business."

"Exactly what *I* told him. But he was an M.P. on your air base. And you've no idea how they dug into your private life on this case. And after he'd told me about you, I realized I'd been silly and that you weren't—that when you said what you did you really meant—I mean that I felt like a fool, and that—you see I—Well," she said, "you're certainly not making it easy for me!"

I said, "Var are you going? Vat is your name? Var are you from? Enoff of this foolishness; let us make love." . . .

■ And now, Miss Hinch, if it's all buttoned up, you really must excuse me. Do you realize I have a route to cover for Standard Evaporated Milk, and that this silly statement is cutting into my honeymoon? . . . And same to *you*. See you at the next kidnaping. ■■

BIG GUY

Continued from Page 34

bird," as Hellinger once called him affectionately, is just about the most wanted guy in Hollywood.

But even when he's busy—and busy he usually is—he gets bored. Already he's talking of giving up pictures. As pictures these days are giving up actors, this would be a switch.

This restlessness began during his sophomore year at N. Y. U. In the gym one day he met a professional gymnast who introduced him to the horizontal bars. A few months later Burt swapped his college sweater for a pair of secondhand acrobatic tights. As a "stick actor" he joined the Kay Brothers, a small circus. He received three dollars a week, plus room and board. For the next five years Burt played fairs, carnivals, little tops and big tops. He spent a season with Ringling Brothers, and another with a WPA circus. He married a dancer in 1935. They were divorced a year later.

From the sawdust ring, Burt and his partner, Nick Cravat, stepped into more lucrative bookings. For three years they played vaudeville and the night-club circuit. Suddenly Burt decided he had had enough. With $20 in his pocket he headed for Chicago.

He made out an application for a truck driver's job at Marshall Field's in Chicago. But when the personnel manager got a gander at Burt's beautifully developed torso, he put him to work as floorwalker in the ladies' lingerie department. Business in that department picked up 100 per cent. "After a few months I became so bored," says Burt, "that I started kidding the customers. One day I caused a mild panic by walking in the aisles on my hands." He expected that his free "floor show" would get him fired. It didn't. So he quit anyway and returned to New York.

To his surprise, he landed a job with the Columbia Broadcasting System's Community Concerts Division. But the army had first call on him. Before his induction in 1942 he picked up small change as a singing waiter in taverns in New Jersey. While in the army he served as director for soldier shows in Italy and Africa. He was staging Stars and Gripes when he met Norma Anderson, headlining a U.S.O. show. They were married in Yuma on December 28, 1946.

When the war ended, Burt returned to New York. His theatrical prospects were quite dim. Then one day he bumped into a theatrical producer in an elevator. The producer gave him a quick going-over and said, "You've got a kisser that bears a faint resemblance to the Siegfried Line. I'd like you to try out for the part of a sergeant in A Sound of Hunting."

■ A Sound of Hunting ran only three weeks, but it made Burt Lancaster. The show was seen by Hollywood producer Hal Wallis, who was in New York looking for a big-muscle guy to play opposite Lizabeth Scott in Desert Town. He signed Lancaster on a contract that was later split with Mark Hellinger and Universal-International. Hellinger, desperate for an actor to play the Swede in The Killers, described his first meeting with Hal Wallis' ex-acrobat: "This guy was big. Really big. His hair was tousled. No tie. And his suit looked as if it hadn't been pressed since C. Aubrey Smith was in short pants. But there was something about him . . ." There was indeed. Something called sex appeal. As soon as The Killers was released, the fans took over.

So far, Burt has made only one concession to the Hollywood tradition: last summer he moved into a house in swanky Bel-Air. The Lancaster household comprises Burt's father, Burt's wife's son by a former marriage, and his own year-old son, named William Lancaster, after his brother who died recently.

In a town not particularly famous for its lack of affectation, Burt's honesty is refreshing. Wallis tells about the time he and Burt were on their way to the lawyer's office in New York to sign Burt's contract. Wallis pointed to an ad of a big film that was to open soon, "I produced that picture," said Wallis rather proudly. "Would you like to see it when it opens?" "I should say not," replied Burt truthfully. "I saw it in Italy. It stinks."

As yet, Burt Lancaster shows no signs of hatband inflation. He still prefers the company of beat-up acrobats and circus cronies to that of top-drawer Hollywood society. He still thinks there are much worse things you can say to a person than that famous old squelch: "May your children grow up to be acrobats." ■■

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Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD
by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Thngs. vets. wld. be willng. to be crmmed. into
5 The breakage on this will be terrific after Jan. 1
14 Man with knob instead of head
15 Binary compound, or wot 'eld the cockney's bovine together
16 Schoolboy flinger
17 Place where Yuba of song played No. 3 Vertical
18 Former Yankee
19 "I've got no —— for you!" cried Mrs. Lamb
20 Beat the voter about the ears
22 Bone up on this!
23 Scram
25 Iron Curtain behind the Iron Curtain
27 Gal from the Volga
28 Pipes of Paean
31 Crooners
35 The opponents
36 This is unbelievable (var.)
37 Two-time
38 In a bum manner
39 The grass course
40 A chance to take
41 Cockeyed Guzzlers Exult (abbr.)
42 Gigantic eight ball
43 Mr. 5 by 5
44 What Congress sits in
46 Streamers on the silver standard (sing.)
47 Pants occupants
48 Army college (abbr.)
49 Shove again
52 What it takes to get a shunny disposition (abbr.)
53 Shrill frill, or nag bag
56 Smarty-pants
57 Best thing to do to trouble

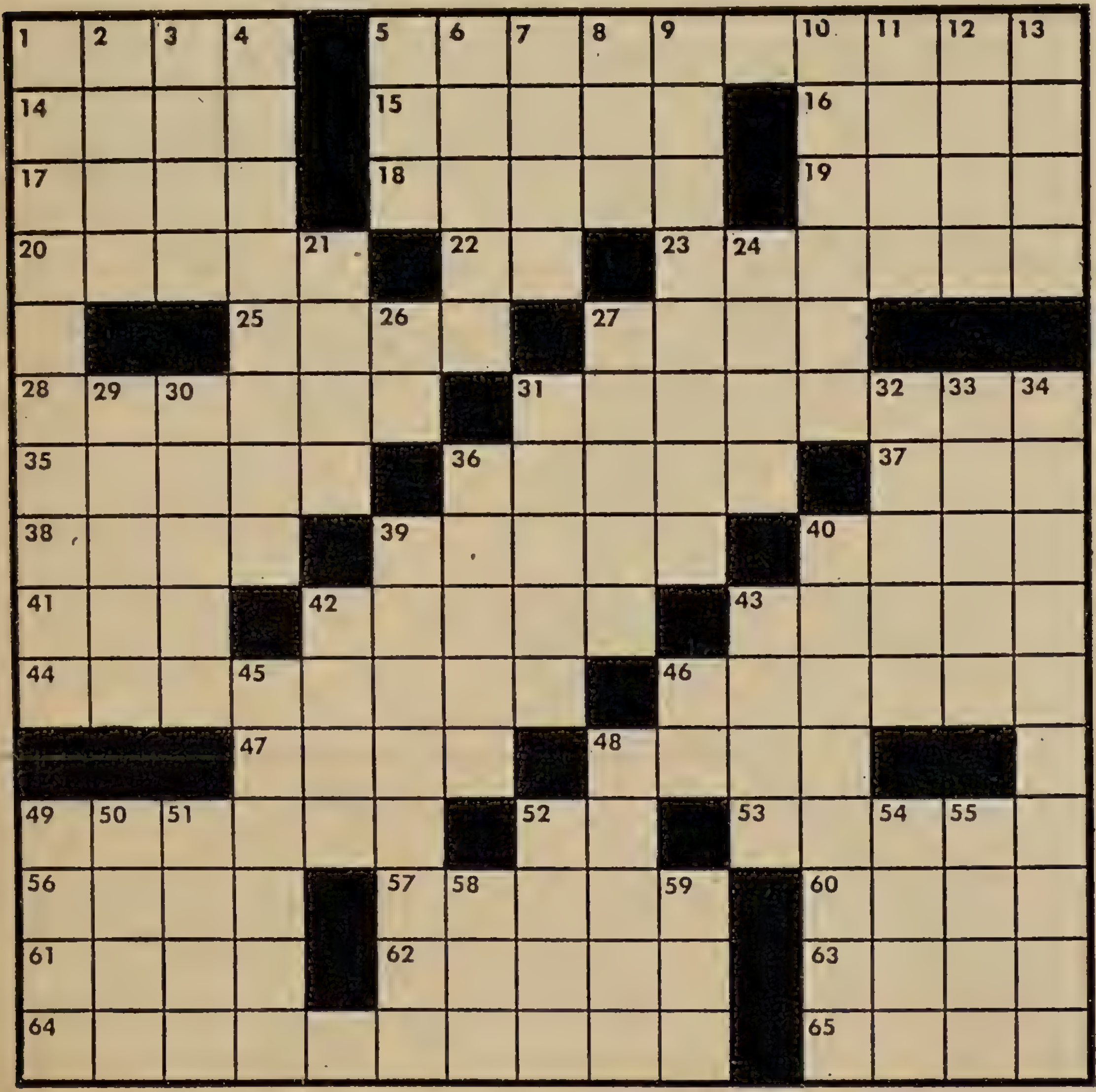
A	B	E	L		W	A	T	E	R	W	A	G	O	N
S	O	D	A		A	L	A	S		A	D	A	N	O
S	O	U	V	E	N	I	R	S		R	E	S	I	N
A	S	C	E	N	D		T	A	B	S		P	O	E
S		A	R	E		R	A	Y	E		E	E	N	S
S	I	T	S		B	E	R	S	E	R	K			
I	D	O		M	O	O	S		C	O	A	L	S	
N	E	R	V	O	U	S		C	H	A	R	I	O	T
	A	S	I	A	N		C	O	E	D		B	O	A
			A	N	C	H	O	R	S		B	E	N	T
P	A	I	L		E	A	R	N		F	U	R		T
A	D	O		B	R	R	S		T	A	T	T	O	O
L	O	T	T	O		V	A	L	E	N	T	I	N	O
E	R	A	T	O		E	G	O	S		E	N	C	E
D	E	S	T	R	O	Y	E	R	S		D	E	E	R

December Answer

60 It's sane but mixed up
61 Famed blind man's expression (two words)
62 He makes a bum mixer
63 Place where the rear end takes quite a beating
64 Times that try men's soles
65 Cainonize

VERTICAL

1 They've absorbed the spirit of the Bourbons
2 What it'll do New Year's Eve
3 Musical burper
4 Upstanding things in parks erected as pigeon roosts (sing.)
5 Finnish eggs
6 What flattering elevaters do
7 Parks pacifically
8 Byronic spasm
9 Could this be a tyrannical finance-company tycoon?
10 Open the noodle
11 Corniest place in America
12 Everybody's one before payday
13 Kind of egg the golden goose laid
21 Brooklynites call them flying oins
24 Gadzooooks!
26 Sex Appeal in reverse (abbr.)
27 Hillbilly nymph
29 Spur worn by the Old Man of the Mountains
30 Blowhards
31 A midget's gallon (pl.)
32 Does the author's brain child to death
33 C'est le pain in le neck de Europe, say les French
34 Berlin's No. 1 red head
36 The wise parent smacks first, does this second
39 Toothache drops
40 They produce the beef at $1 per pound that produces the beef from you
42 What nobody knows who does at the race track
43 Jitters
45 When coffee is drunk from this on Toid Abynya, de little finger is held extended
46 Each end of a tomato
48 Wild West polo
49 A-bomb-laying contest
50 Other
51 Sneak a thin gander
52 Isle where they wear this kind of band
54 Old-fashioned Suthn conveyance
55 A drawkcab lag
58 —— à ——
59 Seagoing eagle



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

THE WAY OF MY BROTHER

Continued from Page 9

enthusiastic young man ever figures. And it's the way you launch an enterprise that often determines whether it's going to be a success or a failure."

The check read ten thousand and no/100s dollars.

I was taken completely by surprise, and I must have had a foolish look on my face. I just stood there, unable to think or talk or do anything.

Mr. Sanford said, "Now look. This is not charity. I consider you a good risk. I said you could accomplish anything you set your mind on. Furthermore, you are going to pay me back at three-per-cent interest, which is more than any bank will give me."

And that was how I got a backer in my vegetable business.

Mike kept on fighting. I tried to get him to come into the business with me, but he needed the glory. He needed the roar of approval that came from the heavy men with the cigars in their mouths who always fill the first five rows, and the screams of excited and slightly blood-thirsty women. Especially the women.

After awhile there wasn't enough glory—or money—for Mike in the valley and he went up to Los Angeles and began fighting prelims. It was just like in the valley. It wasn't long before Mike was boxing semifinals and then main events. They said he was a cinch to get a shot at the champ himself in a little while.

I was doing O.K. myself, although I wasn't getting my name in the papers. I had no regrets. Oh, sometimes I'd read where Mike kayoed some fighter I always thought was big time, and I'd say to myself, "I could of taken that chump," because everyone used to say you couldn't separate Mike and me as fighters. But I didn't really itch to go back to the fighting. With everyone eating vegetables, business was good. I was paying off on the debt and a bank account was growing for me at the Farmers and Merchants.

Mike would have made his success and I would have made mine and there would have been no trouble between us if it hadn't been for María Claudina Morales. María was my girl and Mike had no business fooling with her. He had enough girls. Even a movie star, they say. The few times I went up there to watch him, that Legion Stadium in Hollywood was packed with good-looking women. But there are damn few in Ysidro City, my friend, and María is one of the few. She was my girl and Mike should have kept his hands off.

■ I'll tell you what kind of a girl María is. She's what some of the people around here call a "liberated" Mexican. Her father and mother own a little candy-and-ice-cream store in the Mexican district and they saved up pennies and nickels so she could get the education they never had. She was an honor student at Ysidro High School. Then she got a scholarship and went to San Diego State College, over on the other side of the Jacumba Mountains. She did O.K. there, too, and came out with a piece of paper aid she was a teacher. She came home and took a school in San Juan de las Cruces, just south of here. She had the idea she could help liberate a lot more little Mexicans.

Once Mike got going good up in L. A. he never showed his face in Ysidro City—until the golden wedding anniversary of Grandma and Grandpa Gonzales. I guess he was just too busy, between his fights and those parties which were always being thrown by the head hunters and—in Mike's case—torso hunters of Hollywood. But he couldn't very well stay away from the fiesta for the old folks. Our father and mother died of t.b. when we were little kids and the old people raised us. Can you imagine anyone dying of t.b. in the desert sun? But they tell me it depends a lot on what you get to eat.

Mike came down around noon in his big red convertible and tootled the horn loud in front of the house before he came in, so everyone would look out and say, "Oooo, there's Mike come back home now. Ain't he a big shot!"

Mike leaped over the little picket fence and jumped the three steps up onto the porch. He threw his arms around grandma and grandpa, then shook hands with me and María, talking to beat the band all the while and making everyone laugh and even bringing a couple of happy tears to grandma's strong brown eyes. It was good to see him like that. It brought back the times when we used to pal around, swimming bare in the irrigation ditches or seeing who could sell the most papers downtown after school.

■ "How's the old groceryman?" he shouted to me, and I remembered how the last time I'd seen him in L. A. I got the feeling he thought a guy must have rocks in his head to stay in a little town and work when he could be living it up big in the city.

To María, Mike tossed some flowery saying he had probably picked up in one of those pink cocktail lounges they have up north. Then he tapped me in the stomach and, grinning at María, he said, "Putting on a little weight, aren't you, old-timer?" It was a lie. I hadn't gained or lost ten ounces in five years. And I wasn't exactly ancient, being only a year older than Mike. We used to kid a lot, me and Mike, but it didn't seem quite the same. We stood there on the porch, laughing, but it didn't seem to come from the heart any more.

After a good lunch of tacos and frijoles, Mike and María and me went around the neighborhood visiting people we knew. And it was all right, but Mike always managed to let them know he was a somebody now. And it seemed to me he didn't act toward María as if she was a girl we had played with in grammar school and who had grown up to become engaged to me, his brother. It was more as if he always had to be in there pitching when he was around a pretty girl, no matter whose she was. María on her part was smiling at everything Mike said, and I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. I should have remembered that María had so much warm, generous laughter in her that

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RIVERDALE AIRPORT TO PIPER 237: RUNWAYS FLOODED. LAND ON HIGH GROUND BETWEEN FLARES. OVER
HERE'S THE SERUM, DOC. THIS YOUNG LADY...
GOOD! WE CAN USE HER! HELP THE SERGEANT LINE 'EM UP, MISS!
B-B-BUT...
ONLY FIFTEEN MORE, DOCTOR
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Eight Hours Later
ME ON YOUR NEWSCAST? GOSH, I WAS JUST GOING HOME AND CLEAN UP
DO IT AT THE STUDIO. NOW TO FIND THAT SERUM PILOT
WAIT 'TILL THE DOCTOR FINDS OUT IT'S ME!
HERE'S A RAZOR, DOCTOR
THANKS
REMARKABLE BLADE! I'VE NEVER HAD A MORE REFRESHING SHAVE!
IT'S A THIN GILLETTE... PLENTY KEEN AND EASY SHAVING
YOU FLEW THE SERUM! WHY...
BUT YOU NEEDED HELP...
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Liberty WASHINGTON

by Stacy V. Jones

Dead Mail • **If you get nothing but stony silence from Aunt Effie instead of thanks for the Christmas present you mailed her, it probably is resting in a dead-parcel-post office with thousands of others waiting to be claimed. To retrieve it, ask your postmaster to send a tracer (Form 1510). If the package can't be found, and you insured it, you can then file an application for indemnity.**

Suppose you knitted a sweater for Aunt Effie and insured it for ten dollars. That doesn't mean you will get ten dollars back, but only its reasonable value. You have to tell the cost of the yarn and any buttons, how much time you put on it, and what you think your time is worth. (The job of appraising home-made cakes is a doozy.)

Many citizens mistakenly write to Washington about lost articles, but there is no central office for dead letters or dead parcel post. Most large cities have dead-letter offices, and there are 13 for dead parcel post. The sender, not the addressee, is always the one to start a tracer.

The government gets $500,000 to $600,000 revenue a year from its dead-mail business. In the fiscal year ended June 30, the dead-parcel-post offices auctioned unclaimed merchandise for $175,000, and perishable items such as hams brought another $150,000. People are very trusting about sending currency by mail. Last year 375,000 dead letters were found to have cash or other valuable enclosures, and nearly $100,000 in money could neither be delivered nor returned. Another $50,000 in coins was found loose in the mails, apparently having broken out of envelopes.

Saving Teeth • Your children's future tooth decay can be cut 40 per cent by the new sodium-fluoride treatment, which has been called the greatest dental discovery of the century. If it isn't being given in your community, ask your local or state health department when a demonstration team is coming to your area. The U. S. Public Health Service, which supplies the teams, is sending one to each state requesting it.

The treatment can be given by any dentist or by a dental hygienist who has been specially trained. It *should* start at age three, but *can* be given to children of any age. And it's painless.

The Public Health Service also co-operates, on request, with state and city health departments on chest X-ray programs, sending into a city as many as 20 mobile units, each of which can X-ray up to 1,000 persons a day on microfilm. Cards are mailed to everybody X-rayed; but if anything looks suspicious, a confidential letter is sent asking the person to come back for larger pictures. There is no charge.

Public Health publishes a long list of pamphlets, single copies of which are free. The sodium-fluoride folder is titled New Discovery Curbs Tooth Decay. Others that may be helpful at this time of year are The Common Cold, Measles, Bronchial Pneumonia, Whooping Cough, and Home Care of the Sick.

Address Public Inquiries Section, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington 25, D. C.

Ship Histories • **An industrious little office at the Navy Department has completed the histories of 750 U. S. ships, including virtually all the battleships and aircraft carriers and some of the cruisers, but there are more than 4,000 still to go. The chronicles average about five mimeographed pages. To get a copy of your ship's history, provided it's finished, write Director of Public Information, Navy Department, Washington 25, D. C.**

Study Abroad • Any college senior in your family who wants to spend a year of graduate study abroad should inquire now about grants under the Fulbright Act. These cover maintenance, tuition, incidental expenses, and travel costs and are paid from foreign currencies received on sale of American surplus properties overseas.

The eight participating countries at this writing are the United Kingdom, Belgium, Luxembourg, New Zealand, China, Burma, the Philippines, and Greece. France and Italy are expected to join shortly.

The government sponsors a separate program for graduate study in Latin America. This year it is expected that 40 or more such grants will be made.

Selection for both the Fulbright and Latin-American programs is made on detailed applications, backed by scholarship records and college recommendations, but there is no examination. Other things being equal, veterans get the preference, and may use such grants to supplement study allowances received under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

For information on the Fulbright Act grants, as well as on private fellowships and chances for undergraduate and summer study, write the Institute of International Education, 2 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

On Latin-American grants, address American Republics Section, Division of International Educational Relations, U. S. Office of Education, Washington 25, D. C.

anyone who tried a little bit could bring it out; but—well, maybe my inferiority complex was working overtime that day. I had always realized that Mike had me whipped in the looks department, because I'm just a plain-faced guy who is never going to keep Cary Grant awake nights. And that didn't make things any better.

That night we had a big feast for grandma and grandpa. Half of Ysidro City on that side of the railroad tracks must of been there. There were just *some* guitars out that night and Consuela Cabrillo sang while her brother José played on his marimba. There was a lot of kidding around and drinking of wine and tequila and everyone got a shoeful of dirt dancing in that street, which is not paved.

After awhile grandma and grandpa, who are pushing seventy, they got tired and went into the bedroom and went to bed. But the party wasn't in any mood to stop, so I stood around and tried to act like a host.

A little later I noticed that María wasn't around anywhere. I saw her mother near the front door and asked, but she hadn't seen her lately either. I went back through the house, opene the screen door and looked out int the back yard. She was there all right, by the yucca tree. I could tell by the white dress with the big red flowers printed all over it. Mike had his arms around her, and if she was resisting any, you couldn't tell it.

■ I got mad like I never was in the ring, even when some smart guy got in a low punch. I called Mike a name and came tearing off the back porch. When I got close I made a wild roundhouse swing I never would of in a professional fight. Mike just ducked and I slipped and fell on the ground. That just made me madder but by the time I got up, a couple of our cousins who had heard me shout and María scream came running out of the house and grabbed me.

"Let me go, you guys!" I yelled "I'll teach this palooka to go making passes at my girl."

Mike just laughed.

"Pete, you know I don't fight excep for money any more."

I was really hot or I wouldn't of done what I did next.

"All right, you Hollywood hot shot I'll fight you for money. My busines is worth twenty-five thousand easily If you can whip me, that'll be you purse. But if I whip you, you get ou of town pronto."

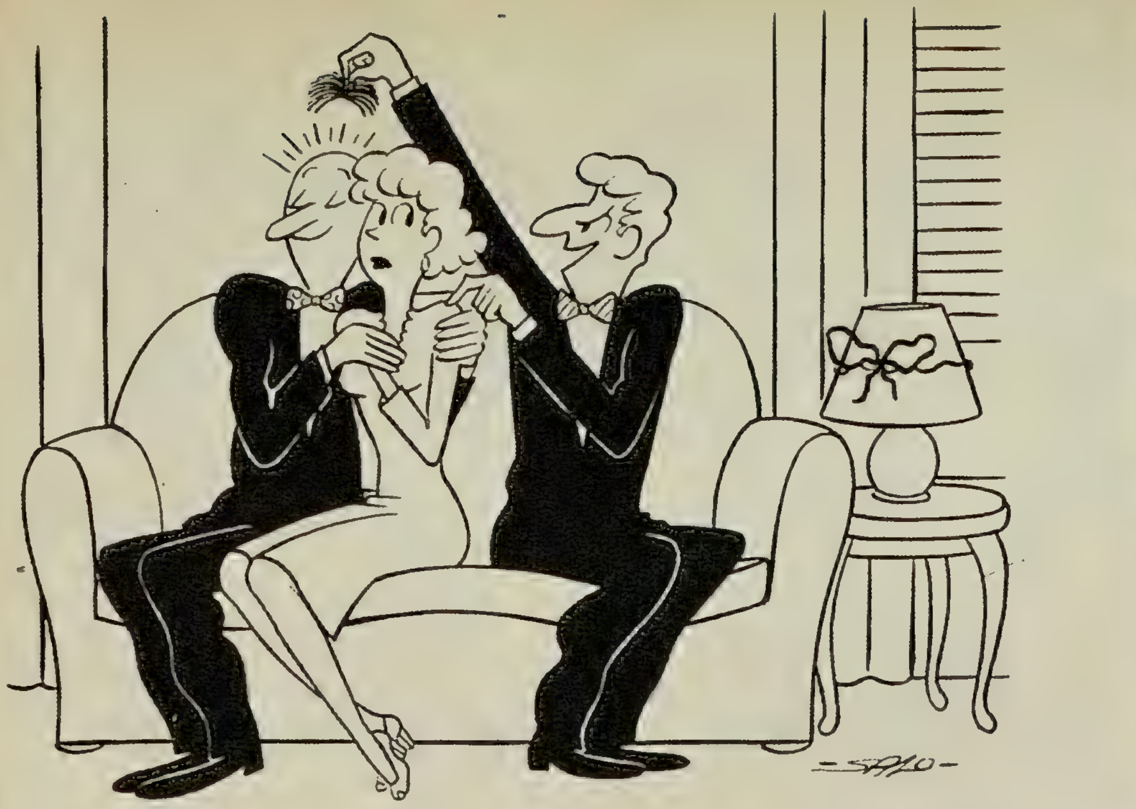
There was a gleam in Mike's eye I never saw before. I guess he was a *real* pro now.

"All right, sucker," he said. "You'v just gone out of business."

"Come on," I said. "We'll get Pedr Moreno to open up the gym."

María was so scared she hadn' made a sound since that first scream Then, her voice trembling, she said "Don't do it, Pete. Please." But I shook off her hand and walked away

We went through the house and into the street and started looking fo old Moreno, who is the janitor at the high school. The word passed around and by the time we found him, drinking some wine out of Benito Ruiz' bottle, there was a big crowd with us Old Moreno didn't want to open the



"P-s-s-t!"

LIBERTY

gym that late at night because it was against the rules. But he isn't what you'd call a man of great will power and he could see that his neighbors would be down on him if he did anything to stop the fight. Most everyone in that part of town had wondered for years which of us, me or Mike, could fight the best.

In the locker room old Moreno got out some gym clothes and boxing gloves. I dressed at one end of the room and Mike at the other. He had his friends around him and I had mine. The guys with me, Teddy Quintero, Joe Garcia, and the others, were giving me all kinds of advice. They were good friends, but I didn't have to be a mind reader to tell that they didn't think I had much of a chance. I had cooled off some by now and I was beginning to take a dim view of my chances myself. Mike's timing and co-ordination figured to be way better than mine. He figured to be in better condition, too, although in a small produce concern everyone gets a share of the heavy work, including the boss, and bucking those lettuce crates around doesn't exactly make a man's muscles go flabby. Still, I knew Mike must of learned a lot, fighting all those cuties and fancy Dans up in the city. I thought of losing the business I had built up, and I thought of losing María. I started to sweat.

Mike began shadow boxing to warm up, but I just stretched my muscles and took a few practice swings. I wanted to save myself. Then Pedro Moreno told us to come on and we walked across the big gym in silence and into the little gym where they had the ring for the boxing classes. Old Moreno snapped on the overhead light and we crawled through the ropes. The room still held the heat of the day, like an oven that's been turned off but hasn't cooled out.

There was no third man in that ring and we never thought anything about fighting by rounds. We just checked the thongs on our gloves and looked across the ring at each other. It was like Mike was a stranger. No smile, no sign of recognition.

I nodded my head as a signal and we came out to the middle.

I opened with a left jab to Mike's face and then moved away. It was my idea to get the feel of the ring again before I started mixing it. But Mike wasn't going to have it that way. He came in, got inside another jab that missed and walloped me with that strong left hook of his. It was so fast I didn't even see it coming and I took it full in my right eye. It felt like the whole boxing glove had gone into my eye, along with a load of shooting stars. Half blind, I back-pedaled, stabbing out my left to keep him off. But he followed me and I knew I couldn't stay on the bicycle. I hadn't had the roadwork for that. So I stood and swapped a few with him, mostly missing and getting a nice ringing in the ears as he brought over that sharp left hook to my head again. Then I began to find the range a little. I jabbed him off balance and got in a hard right to the body that made him grunt. He threw some more hooks, but I was looking for them now and I was able to get inside or roll with the punch so that it didn't do so much damage.

I don't know how long we had been fighting before Mike got to me. It might have been ten minutes, but it seemed more like ten hours. He jarred me down to my ankles with a ringing left high up in the cheekbone, then he connected with the hardest right he had thrown, flush on the jaw. I tried to stay up, but my legs no longer belonged to me and I went down in a tangle. Slowly I got to my knees, rested a couple of seconds, then straightened up, trying to keep Mike off with the left hand until I recovered. But he was in fast and blasted me in the mouth with another right. I felt my front teeth snap—we didn't have any mouthpieces—and I went down again. I was rolling around on the canvas, spitting teeth in terrible agony. But between hot flashes of pain a picture somehow came to me of the summer I worked with a section gang on the Southern Pacific with the temperature at 130 in the shade and no way of measuring it in the

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sun, and the rattlesnakes lying in wait in the crushed rock of the roadbed. This was the only kind of work many of my friends had found—people said only Mexicans could stand the heat anyway—and I thought, If I lose this fight, I may be back there, too. Somehow I staggered to my feet again.

I guess Mike could of finished me off right then and there, but he figured he had me for sure, and now he would show the boys how a big-time fighter could box.

He danced around me as I moved slowly after him, shaking my head, trying to drive the fog out of my brain. He jabbed me and hooked me and spoiled me. I suppose it was a beautiful exhibition, but it was the kind I'd rather watch from farther away. He closed the right eye completely and kept twisting his glove in my bleeding mouth and nose.

Three or four minutes of this and he tired of the game and came in for the finish. He straightened me up with the left again, then slammed me into a corner. I couldn't do a thing. I could see them coming, left and right, left and right, but I couldn't get out of the way. Slowly I slid down the ropes under the hammering until I was sitting, helpless. Mike backed off and waited.

My body was paralyzed, but I wasn't out. I remember looking around at the guys standing by the ring. They stood there just staring at me and not moving.

I didn't want to get up, not ever again. My arms and legs were solid lead. But I thought of the prospect of going to work for some other produce jobber at fifty cents an hour. That got me up again.

Still, I realized it was almost over. I could stay with him maybe a minute longer at most. So I did the only thing I could do. I pawed Mike with my left, while pulling my right back close to my body. He had gotten careless now and he didn't see it coming. I put everything in that punch—all my hundred and sixty pounds, all my hopes of beating the clapboard shack and hungry kids on the floor that wait for most Mexicans, all my love for María. I brought that right up from in close and caught Mike square in the solar plexus. His eyes bulged until I thought they were going to pop out. Maybe he had trained a little too much in those Hollywood cocktail lounges to take that kind of a punch in the stomach. His knees began to sag and he started to pitch forward slowly, like slow motion in the movies. I measured his jaw as it started down and I came over with my right with everything I had left and smacked him. The slow motion was over. Mike went down like an express train and his head hit the canvas with an awful thud. He didn't get up.

I walked slowly over to my corner. Still the guys around the ring made no sound. They were as stunned as I was that it was all over and I had won. I crawled painfully through the ropes, and then I collapsed. The guys carried me to the locker room and revived me under the shower. They brought Mike, too, and he didn't have a mark on him, except for the red spot at the base of his chest. When he came to and they told him he had lost, he was mad as hell. For a minute he looked like he would come at me again. But when he saw the expressions on the boys' faces he began dressing with angry motions. He was through before I was, and he slammed out alone.

A couple of the fellows walked me home. I noticed dully that Mike's convertible was gone. I told the boys I'd be all right and they left me at the door. I was trying to make my body take me through the little parlor, when the lights came on and there was María standing before me. She took a look at my messed-up face and burst into tears and put her arms around me. Some fellows I know would have pushed her away from them, under the circumstances. But I didn't. I just held on to her, I was so damn glad she was there.

She led me over to the sofa and sat me down. She had to try to explain it to me right then and there.

"I don't know why I let him kiss me, Pete," María said. "Maybe I remembered how nice he was when we were all kids together. But I think it was just that he is still such a kid. The way he keeps trying to prove himself over and over again, with his red convertible, with his talk about Hollywood, by knocking over one man after another in the ring. He needs so desperately to be reassured of his manhood, and I felt sorry for him. But you're the one, Pete. I don't want to be a full-time mother to the man I marry, and that's what it would be with Mike. You'll be husband to me, Pete darling—and lover. That's what I want. And it wouldn't have mattered whether you won or lost the fight with your brother, or if you had a cent to your name, or what you wanted to do, or where you wanted to go. I don't want anyone but you, Petey. Not anyone."

It hurt me in the mouth to kiss her. It hurt me plenty. But what could you do with a girl like that? ■■

Support the March of Dimes!

■ With 1948 close to the top as the worst year on record for the number of infantile paralysis cases, the need for dimes and dollars as the 1949 March of Dimes begins is greater than ever.

Through the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, polio patients today are receiving better medical care than ever before, with more specialists, more completely equipped treatment centers, emergency epidemic services, and funds to pay for hospitalization, nursing, physical therapy, surgery, and appliances. Its efforts have resulted in greater awareness of polio as a disease, resulting in prompter diagnosis and reporting of cases.

To continue its two great tasks—patient care and research to find the cause and cure of the disease—the Foundation needs your help. For both tasks must be carried on. They are the hope of the future. ■■

THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS

Continued from Page 11

ella!" she'd say to the teachers, sniffing with disapproval. "The wild tale her father told was that his wife thought she heard Gabriel's trumpet just before she died."

Year after year the teachers would leave Lizzie Bacon's almost goggle-eyed with horror, and they would tell other teachers, and the stories would spread and grow. And the people of the town were forever watching for Gabriella to make her first misstep.

She had one real friend in all the town, and that was Gunnar McGuire, who began delivering groceries at her aunt's house when he was thirteen and when Gabriella was ten.

The first time he ever saw her he came around the corner of the house one Saturday morning with a box of groceries, and found her sitting on the back steps in the sunlight, in an ugly brown pinafore, with her fair head bent over her drawing.

He stopped short and just stood there looking at her for a long minute. She looked up at him gravely. Gabriella didn't smile very often. He shifted the box of groceries to his other hip and said, "What's your name?"

"Gabriella," she said. "What's yours?"

"Gunnar," he said. "Gunnar McGuire."

Gunnar McGuire was a tall, wiry blond boy, quiet and serious—a combination of good Danish and reckless Irish.

Gunnar took the groceries into the kitchen, and as he came out again, glanced over Gabriella's shoulder at her drawing.

"Looks like a nightmare," he said.

She looked up at him gravely. "It is, but most people don't know it."

He nodded understandingly, said, "Well, so long," and left. But a firm friendship had been founded on those few casual words, and the two grave blond children saw each other often after that.

■ From the time Gabriella was a baby and first began to walk, Lizzie Bacon made her kneel down by her bed every night and say her prayers. "And pray for the souls of your mother and father," she would say, standing so forbiddingly over the small kneeling figure. "And ask God to keep you from sin and make you better than they were."

Gabriella didn't even know what the words meant, but she said them every night for years and years, until eventually their meaning became clear to her. And when Lizzie began saying to her, "There's bad blood in your veins, Ella. Watch yourself," she didn't know what that meant either. But the meaning of that, too, she found out later.

Lizzie Bacon had her house and enough money left her by her father to live more than comfortably. But she hated spending money, and she was forever saying, "It takes money to feed and clothe you, Ella. You must clean up your plate. You must wear your clothes till there's no wear left in them. You ought to be very grateful to me for giving you such a good home."

It was when Gabriella was eleven that she began writing things down in the little red book. It all came about because she never had any pocket money. Lizzie fed and clothed her, but she couldn't see why Gabriella needed any money. It would only lead her into trouble sooner, she said. But when Gabriella was eleven, the school children began buying her pictures.

At recess one day, when Gabriella was sitting in a corner of the schoolyard, drawing, a boy came up, looked over her shoulder, and said suddenly, "Hey, I'll give you five cents for that picture!"

Gabriella went on drawing for a minute without answering. Then she said, "All right." And a few minutes later the picture and the nickel changed hands.

Gabriella looked at the nickel in her hand wonderingly. She was eleven years old and it was the first money she had ever had of her own. It was the most exciting thing that had ever happened in her entire life. On the way home from school that day, she spent the nickel for the little red notebook which was to make such a change later in her life. But she didn't tell Lizzie about selling the picture or about buying the little notebook.

However, at dinner that night she asked Lizzie, "How much money do you think you have spent on me since I've been living with you?"

Lizzie named a good round sum which more than covered the meager food and clothing with which she had been supplying Gabriella for almost eleven years.

That night, before Gabriella went to sleep, she wrote the sum down in the little red book, and put it under her pillow. And from then on, she carried the book with her wherever she went.

■ More and more of the children bought pictures from Gabriella, but she never told Lizzie about the money she was earning. There was a new look in her dark eyes, though—like the look in the eyes of the prisoner who suddenly realizes that the tunnel he has been working on for so many years is nearing the outside wall.

Gabriella worked more and more on her pictures, and they became, if possible, uglier and filled with a more evil kind of obscenity—as if all the foulness and depravity of a world had been crowded into one figure, one piece of paper.

All the time her pictures were growing uglier, Gabriella herself was growing more beautiful. Because of Lizzie's gossip, most of the school children had been gradually forbidden to associate with her.

The only boy who ever walked home from school with her was Gunnar McGuire, and he did it only once. Because Lizzie, who had seen them come up to the gate together, opened the door for Gabriella. She said, "So! Following in your mother's footsteps, just as I always predicted! You're going to wind up in the streets yet, mark my words!"

Liberty SHORT CUTS to better living

Edited by Nanette Kutner

■ This is your department, for surely each of you has found or developed at least one short cut that saves time or money. Liberty will pay you $15 for your contribution, provided it is judged good enough to be published. Remember, what is old hat to you may be a new and welcome hat to somebody else. For example:

SANITARY PUFFS

I rarely use a powder puff. Instead I buy a small roll of absorbent cotton, tearing off pieces as I need them. I save the price of innumerable puffs plus the constant bother of having to wash them. I can thank singer Jane Frohman for this trick. Said Miss Frohman: "Cotton takes to the skin and is more sanitary than a puff. I discovered it during one of my long hospital sieges. A trained nurse taught it to me. She, in turn, had it straight from a dermatologist."

Herewith, more Short Cuts:

DOUBLE-DUTY CARD

"After the holidays I cut off the backs of the folder-type Christmas cards, keeping the pretty picture part. The following Christmas I wrap my gifts in solid-color paper, and on top of each package paste a card for decoration."—*Elizabeth Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.*

CANDLE KINDLING

"Candle stubs will save kindling when you start a fire. Toss in a piece of candle with the newspapers and another piece on top of the logs."—*Bob Enoch, Roanoke, Va.*

SOAP ECONOMY

"When I complete a light wash, instead of wasting the warm, soapy water from my washing machine, I fill several pails. Then I'm ready to mop the floors."—*Mrs. Al Riley, Columbus, Ohio.*

FAN YOUR ICE

"If you are in a hurry to defrost the icebox, let an electric fan blow on the unit."—*Mrs. Sam Abernathy, Chicago, Ill.*

FOR CASTOR OIL

"A good way to take castor oil is to ice the lips and tongue; cold numbs taste and the oil (preferably mixed with essence of peppermint) slides down easily."—*Elizabeth Kramer, Crooks Falls, N. Y.*

INEXPENSIVE GRILL

"I made an inexpensive grill for hot dogs or steaks by buying ½-inch-mesh hardware wire (⅝-inch mesh will do). Before using, heat to remove galvanization."—*Don Martin, Long Beach, Calif.*

EVER-FRESH COFFEE

"I was appalled, watching my aunt brew coffee for guests who straggled in to breakfast at odd hours. I suggested she pour the fresh coffee into a large thermos bottle, as we had done when I was a nurse overseas. This solves the problem of evaporation and bitterness that come from heating coffee for too long a period."—*Marna Youngquist, Valhalla, N. Y.*

BARBECUE FORK

"If you have a spare curtain rod, make your own barbecue fork. Buy one of those plastic-handled forks sold at dime stores. Remove plastic handle, insert remaining thin handle into hollow section of curtain rod. Wrap around with wire."—*Dave Kelley, Columbus, Ohio.*

STAIN REMOVER

"I use a few drops of Clorox in water to remove obstinate hand stains (ink, garden dirt, etc.). Keep it away from children's eyes and be careful not to spill on clothes."—*Ruth Graeter, Madison, Wisc.*

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The way she looked at Gabriella made the girl feel so unclean that she went up to her room and drew a picture that made even her shudder, it was so hideous. And she never let Gunnar walk home with her again. The only times she saw him were when she could slip away and they could meet and talk in the little woods north of town.

Gabriella's ugly pictures seemed to have a morbid fascination for the school children, and they kept on buying them. And eventually Gabriella, who had never spent anything she earned, began to accumulate so much money that she didn't like to carry it around with her. She knew that Lizzie searched every corner of her room from time to time, so she went down to the bank one day and opened a savings account. And afterward she always carried with her, wherever she went, the bankbook and the little red notebook, in which she recorded every penny that she received.

And on the first day of each year she would say to Lizzie, "How much money do you think you have spent on me this last year?" And Lizzie would name a sum, and Gabriella would go up to her room and put the sum down neatly in her little red book.

■ One blue-hazy Indian summer day when Gabriella was fifteen and Gunnar was eighteen, they met late on a Saturday afternoon in the little wood that was quivering with scarlet and golden leaves.

Gunnar looked at her for a long minute, and then he said, "I'm going to miss all this."

Gabriella looked startled. "What do you mean?"

"I'm leaving next week for the university at Chicago. I was afraid I wouldn't have enough money to go this fall, but I think I can just make it if I work too."

"I'm—glad you can go," she said, but some of the light had gone out of her dark eyes.

"I *have* to go," he said. "I'm going to study architecture. All my life I've wanted to build my mother a house. She isn't well. She shouldn't have to take in washing. And then, after I build *her* a house, I want to build houses for the poor. People shouldn't have to live in ugly places just because they're poor. There ought to be beauty enough for everyone."

Gabriella sat on the log with her hands folded in her lap, so still that it hardly seemed as if she could be made of flesh and blood.

"Gabriella," Gunnar said after a minute, "when are you going to get away from here? You've never had any fun, you've never been a child—and you're so beautiful."

"Not yet," she said, "but some day. There's something I have to do first."

The golden light faded, and they got up from the log.

"Gabriella," Gunnar said, looking down at her, "some day, when we're both grown up, I'm coming back to get you. We'll go to a place that's always warm. I'll build you a little house with flowers all around it. I'll make you laugh."

"Chicago's only a few miles away," she said; "you'll be coming home for visits, won't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I'll be coming back." He leaned down then, the tall grave boy, and kissed her warm red lips. Then he strode rapidly away through the darkening woods.

Long after he had gone Gabriella stood there, with one finger touching her lips. Gabriella had imagined, many times, what it would be like if someone loved her. Before, she had only imagined what she was missing. Now she knew. And the knowing was almost more than she could bear.

Answers to "I Could Have Answered That!"

On Page 30

1. When it is a girls' baseball game!

2. Turns the music for the pianist.

3. English linear measure.

4. The large end of the egg is up. Eggs are packed this way to protect the air cell, which is in the large end.

5. Give one child his apple still in the sack!

6. A haircut!

7. The story of Pocahontas. She saved the life of Captain John Smith but married John Rolfe.

8. Three: One dog, one cat, and one parrot.

9. The Attorney General of the United States.

10. He got my goat! Toggenburgs are common dairy goats.

11. Red and blue.

12. Precipitation.

13. All have 28, and most have more.

14. At the ridgepole. The first row would be put on at the eaves.

15. The earth!

16. "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride."

17. Five: Four from the original 16 and one from the four he makes.

18. Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins.

19. The first noise is that produced by vibration of the still whole object; but as it breaks up into smaller pieces, these give off tones of higher and higher pitch.

20. All of them.

And then, out of her loneliness, she heard what sounded like far-distant trumpet notes. It was a sweet sound, and she was so tired that she rested against the tree trunk, almost without breathing, and listened to the trumpet notes grow louder and louder. . . .

And suddenly, in the darkness overhead there was the whirring of wings, and she thought she heard a voice say, "Gabriella!" And something soft like a wing tip just brushed her cheek.

It made her move, and she rose slowly from the log and looked up into the night sky. And above her there was the rush of wings. It might have been a night bird. It might have been something else. . . .

■ Gunnar was so busy working his way through college that, even though Chicago was only a few miles away, it was more than a year before he came home again.

And then he came to go to his mother's funeral.

After the funeral, he and Gabriella walked out to the little woods. "Do you remember," Gunnar asked, "the last time we were here together, Gabriella?"

She nodded slowly. "Ever since," she said, "I've come out here often—whenever I'm frightened or lonely or—"

"—or after you have been painting?"

"Why, yes." She seemed surprised. "How did you know?"

"Those pictures of yours, Gabriella," he said. "Don't you realize—" But then he stopped, still unable to tell her what he had long known about them.

They went back to town, and that night Gunnar had to leave his mother in the frozen earth and go back to Chicago to his waiting on table and his odd jobs and his studies.

He never wrote to Gabriella. He knew it wouldn't be any use, with Lizzie getting the mail first. And Gabriella never wrote to him. She was too busy, doing what she had to do.

Now that Gabriella was nearly seventeen and growing more beautiful every day, Lizzie Bacon watched her like a hawk, waiting for that first slip on the downward path. A kind of frenzied hysteria gripped her now. She couldn't sit still, her face worked, she walked the floor.

"That girl is driving me crazy," she told people. "I can't go on like this much longer, not knowing when she's going to break out and take after her mother. Mark my words, she's headed for the streets."

Gabriella worked almost constantly on her pictures—every free minute she had. She grew more and more proficient, and the garish pictures flowed from her brush, more hideous, more obscene, more nightmarish than ever.

The odd thing was, that in all these years Lizzie Bacon had never really looked at Gabriella's pictures. Gabriella could work all evening in the same room with her, and she was never even interested enough to examine one of the pictures closely. It wasn't the things Gabriella did in her sight that obsessed Lizzie. What drove her almost to distraction was what Gabriella might be doing when she was out of her sight.

After Gabriella graduated from high school and had taken a short business course, Lizzie allowed her to work in Chicago and commute every day. And Lizzie herself made many trips to Chicago in those days too—as if she had to be in the same town with Gabriella—as if she had to keep an eye on her and know what she was doing.

Gabriella was allowed to keep enough out of her salary for carfare, lunches, a few clothes. But she always saved half of her lunch money, and bought as few clothes as possible. The men in her office were attracted to her and often tried to take her out. Her refusals were always preoccupied, as if she had too many other things on her mind.

Once in a great while she and Gunnar had lunch together, but the university was some distance from where she worked, and they both had to get back to work quickly.

■ And then a number of things happened in rapid succession: Gunnar graduated from college, and had worked only a month or so in an architect's office, when war was declared and he enlisted. Someone at the Art Institute saw one of Gabriella's pictures and persuaded her to give up her job for part-time work and accept a scholarship and devote as much time as possible to painting. Gabriella did this, without Lizzie's knowledge, of course. And she was still able to bring money home every payday as in the past.

Things went on this way, with Gabriella working and studying, and half-starving herself so she could save money, until, miraculously, the war was ended.

But nearly two years passed before Gunnar got home. And then it was only for a day. She met him for lunch in the small Italian restaurant where they used to go.

She showed him a couple of her recent drawings, and when he finally looked up from them his eyes were a little shocked.

"Gabriella," he said, glancing back at the pictures, "you're just as much under Lizzie Bacon's thumb as when you were ten years old."

Gabriella didn't answer.

"That day in the Middleville woods," he said, "when I kissed you—Gabriella, I've got a job in an architect's office out west—in Las Vegas. I'm leaving tonight. We could get married this afternoon and—"

"Gunnar, I can't," she said. "There's something I have to do."

And that's all she would say. That night she went to the station with Gunnar and saw him off for Las Vegas.

He wrote often, to Gabriella's office. But his letters were gray with loneliness. And, somehow, empty now of hope.

A few months after Gunnar had left, the people of Middleville, Gabriella's town, were electrified when they opened their Chicago papers one morning to see the following announcement:

"In the North Side Galleries, at two o'clock this afternoon, there will be an exhibition of the paintings of Gabriella Lang. This is a most unusual exhibit and has already been previewed by noted artists and psychiatrists. It is expected to draw nation-wide attention.

"If the people who know the exquisite and fragile blonde beauty of Gabriella Lang, expect pictures as delicately beautiful as she is, there is a big surprise in store for them. For this is the sort of exhibit which, if it were literature, would be banned in Boston."

Everyone in town seemed to recognize the exhibition as an occasion which no one could afford to miss. After all these years of waiting and all Lizzie's gossip, THAT GIRL was up to something at last.

■ In Las Vegas, Nevada, the day before Gabriella's exhibition, Gunnar McGuire received a letter from an artist friend in Chicago.

"Gabriella Lang," he wrote, "is having an exhibition at the North Side Galleries beginning tomorrow. You asked me to keep an eye on her. These pictures are sensational, though hardly the thing you'd want to hang over your living-room mantel. There were a number of doctors and psychiatrists at the preview, and they're hoping to write Gabriella up for one of the psychiatric journals. Maybe it's just as well you didn't marry her."

Gunnar was frightened. Frightened for Gabriella—because of what she didn't know, had never known, about her painting. He had been aware of it for years, but had always felt it was something she would have to discover for herself. But he thought now of the shock realization might bring and took the next plane for Chicago.

■ In Chicago, the North Side Galleries were crowded almost to capacity when Gunnar arrived in a taxi directly from the airport. He noticed the two men standing before the largest and most terrific of Gabriella's paintings.

It had a blood-red sky streaked with nauseous green, and silhouetted against it on a blackened skeleton of a tree was a hideous vulture with a face that looked almost human. Strewn on the ground below the loathsome creature was a torn gray bloodstained dress, a blonde wig, a battered tin trumpet, and a broken bleeding heart. The bird was leering down at these in the most obscene way. A white card had been stuck in the lower right-hand corner of the frame, and on it in large black letters was the word SOLD. The title of the picture in the catalogue was The Broken Trumpet.

Gunnar heard one of the men say to the other, "I don't know what it means, but it's horrible! That bird looks like an evil old woman!"

Behind the men came a sudden animal sound, half gasp, half snarl. And just then, only a few yards away, the door of the gallery office opened and Gabriella, holding a check in one hand, stepped out, followed by several important-looking men.

At that strangled animal sound, the two men who had been gazing at the picture turned, and found themselves face to face with Lizzie Bacon, whose face was working convulsively.

Gunnar saw the two men almost recoil at the savagery in her face, and someone near by said in a sibilant

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whisper that seemed to carry to the farthest corners of the gallery, "Geez, it's the spittin' image of the old bag!"

All over the gallery, people from Middleville who had known Lizzie Bacon for so many years began looking at one another and nodding in sudden shocked agreement.

Gunnar looked quickly toward Gabriella, and then, with almost desperate strength, began shouldering his way to her through the close-packed crowd.

Over the bobbing heads, as he moved forward, he could see her face, suddenly white and filled with blank, unutterable shock. So it had happened at last. She knew now, as he had always known, that the half-animal, half-human creatures she drew all had Lizzie's face—that they *were* Lizzie.

Lizzie caught sight of Gabriella and screamed, "Ella, how dare you do this to me?"

■ The likeness between the evil bird of prey in the picture and Lizzie Bacon was growing more pronounced every minute. And yet, if she hadn't first called attention to herself, it is likely that no one would ever have known it.

Gabriella stood there, holding out toward Lizzie a check, a bankbook, and a little red notebook. She took a half-step forward, and then faltered. Gunnar reached her at that instant. He took the things from her unresisting hands and said gently, "I'll give them to Lizzie for you. Just wait for me downstairs. I'll be right with you."

As he turned quickly toward Lizzie, he heard a strangled sob and sensed that Gabriella was now running blindly through the crowd. He saw that she had endorsed the four-figure check from the gallery. And across the face of the savings book, which held entries from the time Gabriella was eleven years old, she had written, "Please pay to bearer, Lizzie Bacon, the entire sum in this book." The check and the money in the bankbook totaled quite a bit more than the final sum in the shabby red notebook filled with its neat entries in a round childish hand.

Gunnar silently handed these things to Lizzie. She snatched them and said, "Where did she *get* all this money? She's no better than she should be—she—"

But Gunnar was already making his way to Gabriella.

Gunnar, free of the crowd now, began running in the direction Gabriella had taken. The gallery manager grabbed his arm. "Where is Miss Lang?" he asked. "There are two men here who want to buy pictures, and someone wants to arrange an exhibition for the Pacific coast."

"She's downstairs, waiting for me," Gunnar said.

"No," the manager said. "I sent someone after her, but she's disappeared."

Gunnar raced down into the street, looked in every direction, but there was no sign of Gabriella. He remembered the shock in her face when she had suddenly realized that Lizzie Bacon had looked out at her from every nightmarish picture she had ever
painted, and a sense of disaster swep
him.

He tried to think of any logica
place she might have gone. But sh
had always lived apart, alone an
friendless. By now the office wher
she worked would be closed. Ther
was only the little Italian restauran
and a few other places where the
had snatched their brief moments to
gether. He waved down a passing ca

At two o'clock that morning h
came to the end of his fruitless searc
He stood in front of the Art Institut
watching the late traffic pass wit
busy indifference along Michiga
Boulevard. Then he was remember
ing the first time he had ever see
her, fair childish head bent over he
drawing on the back porch of Lizzi
Bacon's house—the time in the littl
wood when he had kissed her . .
Suddenly, startled, he said aloud, "
wonder—"

■ It was still dark when Gunnar g
off the train. But by the time h
reached the little wood north of Mid
dleville a false dawn was spreadin
over the sky. Her ghostly figure w
motionless on a log. She didn't spea
but he sensed, rather than saw, he
dark gaze lifting toward him throug
the gray gloom. He sat beside he
and very gently took her cold, un
resisting hands in his warm ones.

"It's over, Gabriella," he sai
"You've more than paid whateve
debt you imagined."

She shook her head numbly. "
was just a way to make money,
pay back every penny I owed her. A
these years it has been *her* face I'
been drawing. But I didn't know.
didn't mean to do it. Lizzie's alwa
said I was wicked, and—"

"Gabriella," he said, "stop
You've never drawn Lizzie—onl
what she was doing to you."

"I'm wicked," she said. "Wicke
And it's been so long. I'm so tire
I've never thought beyond this.
don't know what to do. I—"

Suddenly she was silent, her fa
lifting as if she were listening in
tently. Even to Gunnar it seemed the
that a shadow, darker than the dim
ness in the woods, was passing ove
their heads, and a sound, like a sud
den flight of birds, filled the predaw
hush with a soft rush of wings. H
watched tensely as her hand lifte
and she touched her cheek won
deringly, as though something ha
brushed it, and then, in the growin
light, her cheeks flushed faintly lik
one slowly waking, or even comin
to life, after a long bewitched dream
ing.

Gunnar kissed her then, with
sense of enormous relief, kissed he
as he had once before, here in th
little wood, so long ago.

"If we hurry back to Chicago," h
said, "we might even have time
buy you a wedding dress before th
plane leaves for the West."

For another instant Gabriella wa
motionless, as the real dawn flame
at last into warm rosy light. And the
she caught his hand, and they starte
from the wood, and she looked up
him and laughed softly, and he sud
denly realized that in all the years h
had known her, this was the first tim
he had ever heard her laugh. ■

Answers to "What Do You Know About 1948?"

ON PAGE 20

1. *(a)* Michigan 49, USC 0. *(b)* At Phoenix, Arizona: Nevada 13, N. Texas 6. *(c)* There is no Fruit Bowl.

2. Tito defied Stalin as the Iron Curtain trembled. Tito's still alive—he hopes!

3. Soviet Hit Paraders Dmitri Shostakovich *(cf. Shostakovich Small by a Waterfall)*, Sergei Prokofieff, and Aram Khachaturian were rebuked by the Communist Central Committee.

4. The Sabre Dance, because you broke a finger playing it; Khachaturian.

5. *(a)* Truman's name for Henry Wallace, Democratic Party splitter. *(b)* Senator Glen Taylor, Henry the Ache's running mate. *(c)* Ilse Koch, whose life sentence was commuted by the army. *(d)* Joe Walcott, with whom Joe Louis finally caught up. *(e)* Leroy (Satchel) Paige, ancient colored pitcher.

6. John L. Lewis.

7. Selznick divorced Selznick. Wyman d. Reagan. It became Unforever Artie with Winsor. Jeritza married Seery. Haver d. Zito. Judge unloaded Topping (her fifth). Lee m. de Diego. Dennis Day (Eugene Patrick McNulty) m. Almquist. Tone d. Wallace. Lamarr and Loder unlocked—here's your chance, fellas! Turner grabbed off Bob Topping. She's no fool!

8. *(a)* Congressman J. Parnell Thomas (né Thomas Feeney). *(b)* Screenwriter Ring Lardner, Jr., sacked by Twentieth Century-Fox for alleged Commie activities. *(c)* Brunette Elizabeth Bentley, alleged beauty, dyed for dear old Russia—becoming an alleged blonde spy. *(d)* Hiss, ex-State Department employee, said Time editor Chambers was off his rocker about his Commie activities! So there!

9. Russia—who else, comrade?

10. *(a)* Umpire George Magerkurth—yet Brooklyn still losted. *(b)* Durocher replaced Ott as manager of the hated Gi'nts.

11. *(a)* Citation (and we didn't bet on him!). *(b)* Richard (Pancho) Gonzales of L. A. *(c)* The U. of Washington. *(d)* Robert Bruce (Bob) Mathias, 17, of Tulare, Calif. *(e)* Mikhail Botvinnik, Soviet engineer. *(f)* Montreal. *(g)* Ben Hogan. *(h)* Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen. (She copped the 100-, 200-, and 80-meter hurdles.)

12. *(a)* Flu germ which leveled 200,000 Los Angeleños. *(b)* Evil germ detected by Supreme Court in Wilson's novel, Memoirs of Hecate County, after Boston banning.

13. *(b)*.

14. Supersonic rocket plane flown by war pilot Captain Yeager faster than sound.

15. Bob Hope.

16. When Russia clamped the blockade on Berlin, the Allied air lift went into action.

17. With a homemade bomb from a small plane he bombed the U. N. at Lake Success to get its mind on peace.

18. *(c)*.

19. World Health Organization, agency of U. N. (Would that it could cure the disease of war!)

20. *(a)* Gentleman's Agreement. *(b)* Loretta Young in The Farmer's Daughter; Ronald Colman in A Double Life. *(c)* Sam Goldwyn and his top executives took a voluntary 50-per-cent cut (leaving them with a mere $100,000 or so a year). *(d)* Robert Mitchum, for allegedly smoking marijuana. *(e)* Henry Fonda helped make Mister Roberts a sell-out. *(f)* Britain agreed to drop the 75-percent import duty on American films; let Hollywood take $17,000,000 a year out.

21. Lowell Thomas and Henry A. Wallace.

22. *(a)* Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid. *(b)* Naked City. *(c)* The Iron Curtain. *(d)* The Big Clock. *(e)* Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House. *(f)* Call Northside 777. *(g)* The Red Shoes, made from a fairy tale.

23. William Powell in the movie The Senator Was Indiscreet.

24. The Dionne quintuplets.

25. President Truman. He called Congress in special session.

26. *(a)* A would-be harasser of Dick Tracy. *(b)* A place the Greek Communists couldn't take by siege. *(c)* Nature Boy.

27. Bob Feller, who lost two games; and Bob Lemon, who didn't, for Cleveland.

28. Radio—radioactive. (Get it?)

29. A test of three new atomic weapons at Eniwetok. The operation was a success (?).

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Secrets of the Grave

Frank Headland can tell you the burial place of everyone but Hitler—and he's working on that

by Mort Weisinger

reading time 4 minutes

■ Frank Headland is probably the most qualified man in the world to tell you where the body is buried—whether it belonged to a king, clown, rajah, pope, or public enemy. For fifteen years Headland's hobby has been ferreting out the graves of history's headliners. The result is Where's Who, a fabulous directory of the dead, many of whose final resting places chroniclers had previously chalked off as unknown.

Headland has managed to list the burial sites of thousands of notables ranging from Marco Polo to the late Henry Ford. When the present King of England learned of Headland's unique hobby, he inquired about the grave of King Richard the Lion-Hearted.

Right off the cuff Headland came up with the location, in a northern French province.

When a Hollywood studio was anxious to learn the whereabouts of Calamity Jane's grave, so that their cameras could show her tombstone for the picture's wind-up, Headland was paged. By return mail he sent them a photograph of her marker as it stands in Mt. Moriah Cemetery, Deadwood, South Dakota.

Recently a national radio show could not go on the air until researchers could confirm the resting place of John Sutter, who discovered gold in California. Headland told them that Sutter's last berth is in Lititz, Pennsylvania, and Headland was right.

Headland will spend years searching for a single corpse. He needed the location of John Pennington, a deceased territorial governor of South Dakota, to make his 400-name gubernatorial rollcall complete. Historical societies, newspaper clippings, and surviving relatives could offer no clue.

Scouring the territory's various cemeteries, Headland struck up a conversation with the aged guard at one gate. He was almost floored when the old-timer revealed that he had been a pallbearer for the governor and that he had accompanied the body to a private funeral at Hillside Cemetery in Anniston, Alabama. Sure enough, Headland found there a corroborative gravestone that ended his hunt.

■ Several years ago, when a movie-fan magazine referred to Headland as the world's oracle on the burial spots of demised film folk, he was deluged with requests for the last locations of a whole galaxy of extinguished cinema stars. Headland took all the queries in stride, even going to the trouble of confirming Pearl White's grave by a cablegram to the head of the Passy Cemetery in Passy, France. But he was stumped when one fan asked him for the grave of wonder-dog Rin Tin Tin.

He promptly got to work, and is now prepared with the burial sites of famous animals ranging from Gene Autry's first famous horse to Nancy Hanks, the great trotter.

Headland, a resident of Salem, Ohio, started on his hobby in 1932, when he ran across a newspaper editorial which lamented the fact that one of the state's famous sons, an associate Supreme Court justice, could not be honored by a memorial because the site of his grave was unknown.

Searching in old records, Headland ascertained the site and won fervent thanks from the State Department. It then occurred to him that while there are scores of directories to record where famous folks reside while they are alive, none exists to note their last and permanent address.

And thus his bizarre directory, Where's Who, was born.

A traveling salesman for a pump company, Headland mixes business with his hobby by combing the nation's cemeteries during his journeys. Hundreds of undertakers and scores of obituary editors humor his hobby by keeping him posted.

■ To fill in gaps of his amazing index, Headland conducts a voluminous correspondence. Officials of the Smithsonian Institution, the British Museum, Scotland Yard and the United Nations graciously do leg work for him in territories all over the globe.

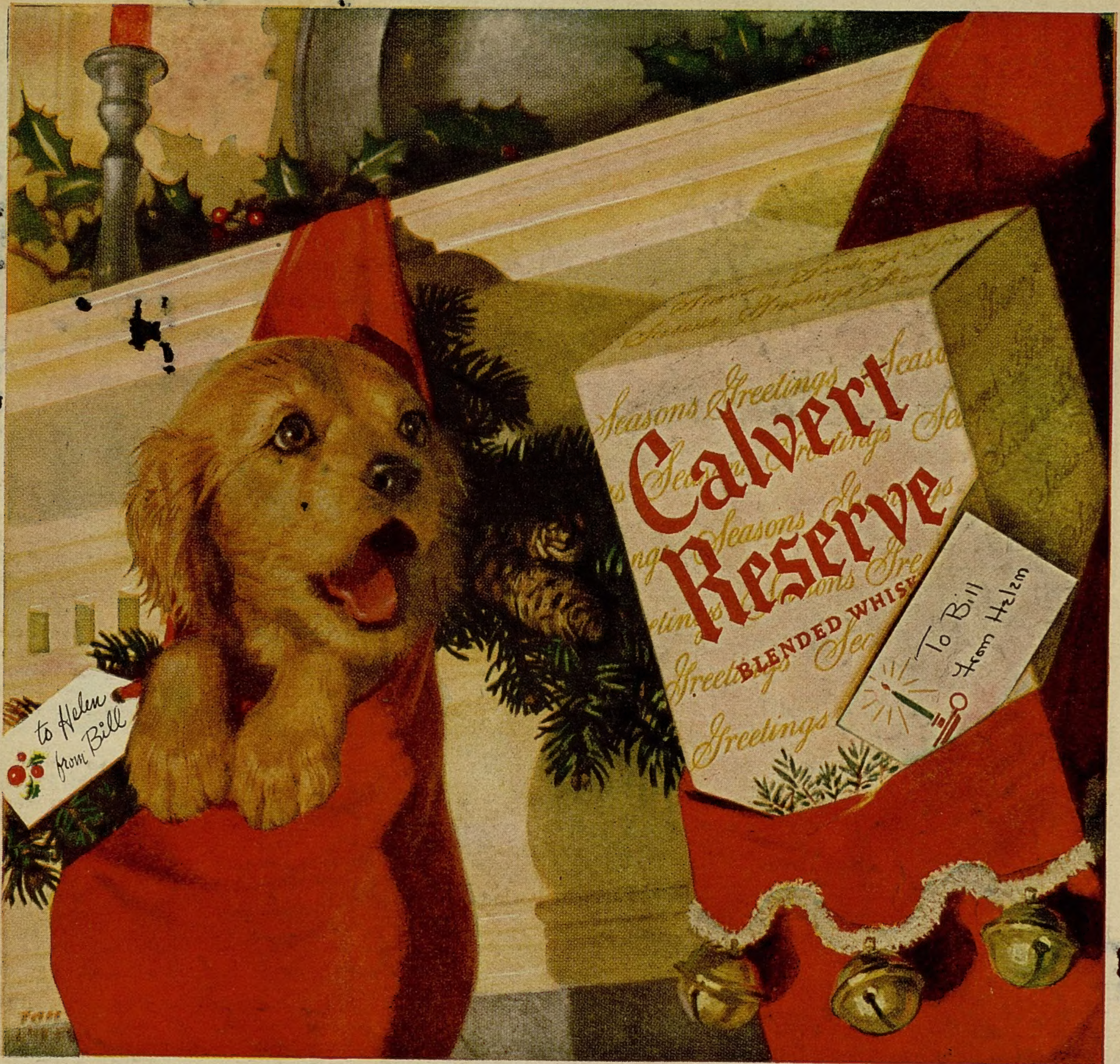
In the course of cataloguing the world's crypts, shrines and mausoleums, Headland has collected an encyclopedia of funeral facts. De Soto, who discovered the Mississippi was lowered in a lead coffin to the floor of the great river he had explored. Charlemagne was interred standing on his charger. President Zachary Taylor requested that no services be held for him and, upon his death, was secretly buried at midnight.

The body of John Jacob Astor, who perished in the Titanic disaster, was recovered and deposited in Manhattan's Lutheran Church. Luther Burbank, appropriately enough, rests under a stately tree. The body of Charles Bedell, renowned atheist, is buried in an Ohio village under a statue that shows him standing with his foot on the Bible.

■ A special file in Headland's Where's Who compendium is devoted to individuals whose remains have been cremated. It took him several months' detective work to learn that Annie Oakley's ashes were scattered over Cincinnati. The ashes of Damon Runyon, the writer were dispersed over Broadway from a plane. Genera Joseph Stilwell's ashes were scattered over the Pacific Ocean.

Headland also makes it his business to discover where history's infamous end up. To garner this information he frequently has to visit prison wardens, hangmen, state executioners, and chaplains—or their descendants. Gangster John Dillinger lies in an Indianapolis cemetery Traitor Aaron Burr lies in Princeton cemetery, New Jersey. Billy the Kid lies six feet under what was once Sumner, New Mexico, and desperado Jesse James occupies a final niche in Kearney, Missouri.

Still missing from Headland's files is the site of Hitler's grave. But he is positive that if he really turned loose on the assignment he could put the finger on the Führer's last claim to territory. ■■



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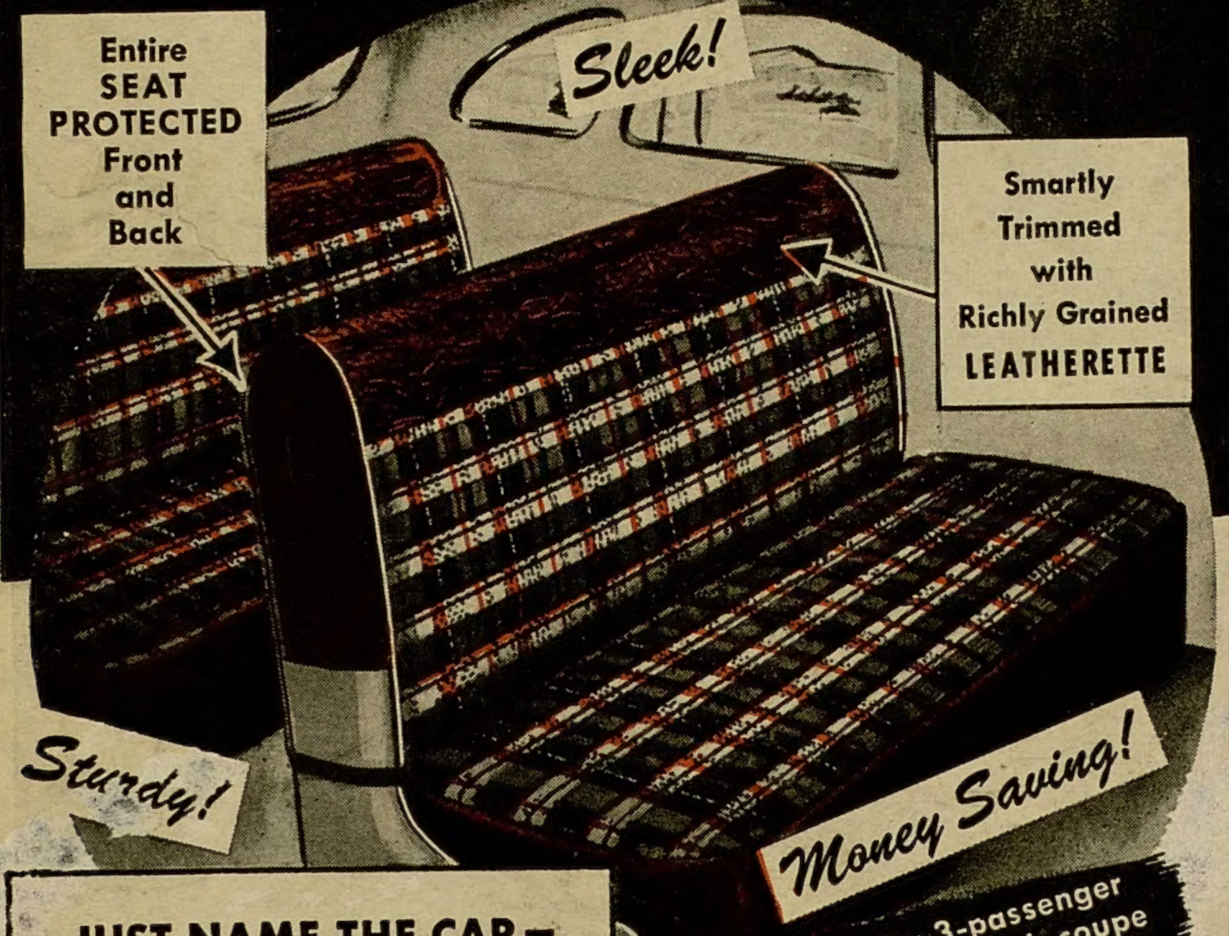
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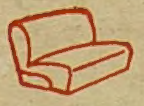

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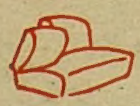
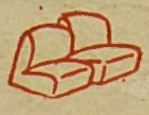


2. Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach



3. Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat

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